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CAMBRIAN GLEANINGS

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CAMBRIAN GLEANINGS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE ON WELSH MATTERS
FOR THE WELSH PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER

Edited and Published by
HENRY BLACKWELL
University Place and Tenth Street, New York

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To Great Britain two shillings and six pence
In money order or stamps

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THE Welsh people and others are more or less interested in the literature of Wales. If you have need of advice or books on any subject pertaining to Wales, I will gladly suggest any book. I have for nigh forty years collected Welsh literature, and possibly I am in a position to help you in any of your wants.

Address HENRY BLACKWELL

University Place and Tenth Street, New York

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Cambrian Gleanings

VOL. 1 January, 1914 No. 1

WALES with a history of two thousand years has accomplished much. In all spheres of life the Welsh people have made themselves known and felt. Their influence in the shaping of the destinies of England, America, Australia and Africa has not as yet been appraised at its true worth.

SALUTATION

"Who are the Welsh?" In this magazine it will be my endeavour to give the doings of those Welsh people who have added history and renown to their native land. Many Welsh people have attained greatness, and have received their rewards. Some again in their little way have done much, and their deeds are unknown.

Literature, art, science, law, mining, medicine, and other pursuits that the Welsh have gained pre-eminence in will have their place.

There will be no puffing. Facts only, and they briefly, pointedly and pithily stated.

Items of interest, culled and gathered, and worthy of preservation, will be welcomed.

Now and again entire issues will be devoted to what the Welsh have done in certain localities—

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New York, Utica, Scranton, Pittsburgh, etc.; also states where the Welsh predominate—Wisconsin, Minnesota, Colorado, and others.

If this venture is a success, all will be well; if not?

SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION EISTEDDFOD, 1915—The Welsh of San Francisco and the Exposition management will, in the first week of August, 1915, have an international Eisteddfod that will surpass anything in this line ever attempted before. There is no doubt but what the Welsh from all parts of the United States and Canada will make a decided effort to attend and make this a noteworthy occasion. There will be a good gathering of Welsh people leaving New York about the middle of July, 1915. In fact, a special train of nine cars will take at that time one hundred persons to the Eisteddfod. The trip from New York and return will take one month, and the total cost, including fares to and fro, meals, side trips, and a week at San Francisco, in fact all expenses, will cost about three hundred and fifty dollars each person.

The train will leave New York, making stops at Cleveland, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Pike's Peak, Colorado Springs, Cripple Creek, Salt Lake City, the tour of Yellowstone Park, through the Sierras, a week at San Francisco. Homeward by the Mount Shasta Route to Portland, Oregon,

Seattle, then by the Canadian Pacific Route to Glacier, Banff, St. Paul, Milwaukee, Chicago, Niagara Falls and home.

At all the large cities the entire day will be spent in sight-seeing, and arrangements will be made at each place by the Welsh residents in tendering receptions and welcoming the pilgrims. This trip was arranged months ago. Many have handed in their names for this great and glorious trip. This is a grand chance to see the great cities of the United States and Yellowstone Park, the Sierras, Rockies, and the mountains on the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

TO THE WELSH PEOPLE IN WALES—The Welsh people in America for years past have attended your Eisteddfods. Few of you have visited America. Many of you want to attend San Francisco Eisteddfod. You can do it. Have your *National Eisteddfod* of 1915 held in September, and then you wont have an excuse that you never missed a National Eisteddfod. You can join that special New York trip and see the wonders of America, under conditions you can never have again, and everywhere you go you will be welcomed by the Welsh people; in fact, a visit to America at this time will give you something to talk and think about to the end of your days.

TO DAVID LLOYD GEORGE—You have promised to visit America time after time. We

know that years ago you visited South America, but we want you in the United States. Come over to attend the Eisteddfod at San Francisco. You can accompany the party from New York and have a good royal time. You will never regret it.

TO THE WELSH WOMEN OF WALES AND THE UNITED STATES—I have not seen a woman yet who does not want to go to the Eisteddfod at San Francisco. This trip from New York will do you good, so see that your husband, or brother, takes you along. The trip from New York would make an ideal wedding journey.

TO THE *CORONIA* PILGRIMS OF 1911—You all had a glorious time sailing from New York by the SS. *Coronia* to attend the National Eisteddfod at Carmarthen. Many of you attended that successful Eisteddfod at Pittsburgh. Many told me that they would be at San Francisco for the Eisteddfod. Why not make up your mind and come to New York again and repeat the experience of the 1911 trip? You will travel, eat, sleep in luxury. Would it not be grand for two train loads of Welsh pilgrims to leave New York *en route* for the big Eisteddfod at San Francisco in 1915? EDITOR.

PAGEANT OF GWENT—It was suggested that a small Souvenir Edition be specially prepared of the Pengam Episode of the Pageant of Gwent,

1913, which represented the renowned Tournament held at Carew Castle, 1507, in honour of the Investiture of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, as a Knight of the Garter. This suggestion is being carried out, and is to be a more fitting and complete record than the small, hurriedly prepared souvenir already published.

It will copiously illustrate every detail of the Pageant. There will also be two specially prepared illustrations—one of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, by Mr. Christopher Williams, and based on contemporary carvings; the other after Turner's picture of Carew Castle, where the Tournament was held. It is hoped that the book will be a definite historic record of the event.

It will be printed on Afonwen hand-made paper, and bound in Michalet boards. A very limited number only will be printed.

WELSH ANCESTRY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN—The mother of Abraham Lincoln, and wife of Thomas, was Nancy, daughter of John Hank, son of John Hank and Sarah Evans, daughter of Cadwalader Evans, of Gwynedd, Pennsylvania. John Hank and Sarah Evans were married 1711. Cadwalader Evans was born in the township of Ucheldre, Penllyn, and was the second son of Evan ap Evan (otherwise Evan Lloyd Evans) of that place, who was buried at Llanfor, 25th April, 1690. A MS. pedigree of this family, the earlier

portion of which seems to have been compiled by the Bard William Cynwal (a descendant), was brought to Pennsylvania by the Evans family in 1698, and has been verified for many generations. (See "Welsh Founders of Pennsylvania," Vol. II.) Evan ap Evan was the son of Evan Robert Lewis (*i.e.*, Evan ap Robert ap Lewis), of Cynlas, near Bala, who was born in the parish of Yspytty, Ifan, Denbigshire, and buried at Llandderfel, 28th September, 1668. This gentleman was twice married. His first wife (mother of all his surviving children) seems to have been the heiress of one-half of Coed y Foel, near Bala, which farm was subsequently owned by Evan's eldest son, Cadwalader Evan, of Coed y Foel, gentleman (d.s.p.), whose will was proved at St. Asaph, 31st January, 1688-9. The ancestors of Evan Robert Lewis came from Penllech, Carnarvonshire, to Yspytty Ifan, or, rather, to that neighbourhood, with the celebrated Maredyd Wynn, founder of the House of Gwydir, and the family traced descent, through David Goch, of Penllech (said to have died Abbot of Bardsey Isle), progenitor of Griffiths, of Cefn Amwlch, from the Princes of South Wales. The latter connection, given by Vaughan, of Hengwrt, William Cynwal, and other genealogists, has been queried by Bridgeman; but recent researches go far to establish the accuracy of the pedigree. The wife of Cadwalader Evans, father of Sarah, ancestress of Lincoln, was Ellen, daughter of John Morris, of Bryn Gwyn, Denbighshire; her mother

being a daughter of Ellis Williams (Admon. 26th February, 1645-6), of Cae Fadog, in the township of Ciltalgarth, near Bala. Ellis Williams traced in the male line to Bleddyn, Princes of Powys, through Madog Hyddgam, of Ciltalgarth. By various alliances of these families, Lincoln was descended from the Prices of Rhiwlas, Wynn of Gwydir, Lloyd of Y Ddwyfaen, Llangwm, etc. The Hank family was also partly Welsh.

THOMAS ALLEN GLENN.

REV. DAVID J. WILLIAMS, late pastor of the Welsh Congregationalist Church, Eleventh Street, New York, was born at Bethesda, Carnarvonshire, May 16, 1866. Educated at Menai Bridge Grammar School, Brecon Normal College and Cardiff University. Admitted to the ministry at Tredegar, Monmouthshire. Came to America with his wife and daughter in October, 1909. Settled in New York as pastor of the Eleventh Street Church. Died after a few days' sickness January 6, 1914. Mr. Williams had suffered long from diabetes. He came to America thinking it would improve his health, but it was not to be; he had suffered, never complaining. He was successful in the ministry while in New York. He was a friend-maker. He believed in getting the good will of the young people. A tireless worker, broad in his views, bigotry and narrowness were unknown to him; always ready to help all, he surmounted all diffi-

culties; witty and entertaining, a popular pastor, as a speaker at any gathering he delighted his audiences. Always happy, cheerful, bright and energetic. During his residence in New York he did more than many have in a lifetime. He was a perfect man and a credit to his profession. As proof of his record, some hundreds were unable to gain entrance to the church at his funeral services.

A good story is told of Mabon. At a concert in Wales, Mabon and Patti, the great prima-donna, were among the performers. The concert over, Mme. Patti stepped up to the M.P. and observed, with a pleasant smile: "You sing really well, Mr. Abraham." "Yes, madam," responded Mabon, gallantly, "and so do you."

HEINZ PICKLES—The British Isles, and particularly Wales, are noted for their excellent variety of pickles, sauces and preserves. Go where you will they are to be found on the tables of clubs, homes and hotels. A table in Wales, or anywhere in the British Isles, would not be complete without them, and all British made, too. No room there for foreign makes.

When I was in Wales in the summer of 1911, and in my wanderings to and fro, I visited that quaint old watering town of Tenby in Pembrokeshire. This is a famed county. Saint David had his home and cathedral in this county. This county

has during the past two hundred and forty years sent to the United States many of its greatest citizens—pioneers in fact—like Saint David, who was a true pioneer. Tenby is a restful, progressive place. In walking about I noticed a good-sized grocer's shop. Outside on the wall was a slate, and on this slate was written in chalk the following legend: *"Heinz pickles and preserves. Anything that Heinz makes is good."*

Of all the advertisements I have seen this simple one, written in chalk, is a notable one; it tells its own story, and shows that progressive Tenby welcomes pioneers from the new world back to the old world. The Heinz people are to be congratulated on their achievement. This little story was given to two papers, but never printed. If paid for as advertisements they would have appeared. Why cannot papers appreciate a good item when they get it?

SIR WILLIAM HENRY PREECE, former Engineer-in-Chief and Electrician of the British Post Office, died in London, November 6, 1913. Sir William was one of the highest authorities on telegraphy and telephoning. He introduced the telephone into England, brought into use here the electric block system of railroad signalling, introduced the domestic electric bells into the country, and was one of the first to file a patent for the duplex system of telegraphy.

He was born in Wales on February 15, 1834, and was educated at King's College, London. For half a century he was engaged in the practical work of telegraphy and in more recent years telephony also. Of these years of service twenty-seven were spent in the Post Office, the preceding sixteen having been spent as an employee of the Electric Telegraph Company, which existed prior to 1870, in which year the Crown took over the telegraph control of the country.

In 1852 Sir William, then Mr. Preece, entered the office of the late Edwin Clark, who was then chief engineer of the company. From 1854 to 1856 he acted as assistant to Latimer Clark, and in the latter year he was made superintendent of the southern district. During the early part of his career Sir William took out patents of a duplex system. In 1860 he was appointed by the London and Southwestern Railroad as superintendent of the electrical system. He entered the Post Office service in 1870 as Division Engineer for the South of England.

In 1877 Sir William visited the United States in company of Sir Henry Fischer. The result of their investigations was the introduction of "sound reading" into this country. He also brought over the system of quadruplex telegraphy—by which four messages can be sent on one wire at one time. In 1884 he again crossed the Atlantic and this time he returned to introduce the multiplex system, by which six messages can be sent over a wire.

In 1884 Sir William began experimenting with wireless telegraphy. He worked out an electro-magnetic system which was for a long time—and before the Marconi system in England—in practical operation between Lavernock, near Cardiff, and Flatholm, an island in the Bristol Channel, a distance of three and a half miles.

Sir William was for some years President of the Institution of Civil Engineers. He was joint author with Sir James Sivewright of a text book of telegraphy with Dr. Maier of "The Telephone," and with Mr. Stubbs of a manual of telephony.

THE MISTLETOE—Everyone may be presumed to know that of all the customs held in veneration for the celebration of Christmas, there is none so dearly loved as the hanging of the mistletoe bough in the hall. The use of the mistletoe goes back into the mists of antiquity, deeper even than the Saturnalia of Rome, for it was the sacred bough and symbol in the worship of the Druids in their forest fastness. It may really be regarded as the most ancient survival of all these customs. Historically we are told that it flourished upon the oak as well as other trees, and that the mistletoe gathered from the oak was looked upon as the most worthy of veneration, because it grew upon the favourite tree of their divinity, Tutanes, which some scholars say corresponded to the Phœnician Baal. Their festival synchronized with the

Saturnalia, being held on December 21st, the winter solstice, the same time as the worshippers of Thor burnt their Yule log in his honour. The plant has limited areas of growth in England. It is found in Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire and Somersetshire, but not in Devonshire. Although said to have flourished in ancient times upon the oak, the writer has never yet met any person who has seen mistletoe growing on the oak, but it is found on the apple, white thorn, poplar and acacia trees.

ALUN—Some of the struggles for knowledge by young Welshmen in the early nineteenth century supply very pathetic reading to the Welshmen of today, who have their three university colleges in their own country, and without mentioning other means of education. Writing to Garnons, of Jesus College, Oxford, in October, 1826, the Rev. John Blackwell (Alun) averred that "To him, who in his 26th year learnt his Greek alphabet, a first-class at college must be a hopeless aim: while an university prize must be beyond the reach of one who merely began to speak English about his 20th year. What I shall lose in attainments, I will endeavour to make up in Christian conduct."

MOSES GRIFFITH, a draughtsman and engraver, a native of Carnarvonshire, born April 6,

1749, the date of his death unknown. He was alive in 1809. Griffith accompanied Thomas Pennant on his tours, making the drawings and engravings for Pennant's numerous books. He was also employed by Francis Grose to engrave some of the plates for his "Antiquities."

The following is a copy of a circular that Griffith issued in 1784. The prices asked by him, compared with the prices charged to-day, are unusually moderate:

MOSES GRIFFITH

PAINTER TO THOMAS PENNANT, ESQ.

BY PERMISSION FROM HIS MASTER

Takes the liberty of offering his services to the public at his leisure hours

At the Following Rates:

	£.	s.	d.
A Landscape or Ruin, from Fifteen to Twenty Inches in Length	1	11	6
From Ten to Fifteen Inches	1	1	—
From Eight to Ten Inches		10	6
For the Margin of a Book, from Four to to Five Inches		6	—
A Head, within Margin, Five Inches by Four		10	6
A plain Coat of Arms		1	3
Or with Quarters and Crest		1	6

Wibnant, in Whiteford Parish, Flintshire, Dec. 1, 1784.

THE WELSH OUTLOOK—If this new journal, whose prospectus is scattered broadcast among London Welshmen to-day, will cover a tenth of the ground mapped on these leaflets, it will come to fill a long and deeply-felt want. With all due respect to certain magazines already in the field, professing to deal with Welsh subjects in academic language and manner, there is a crying need for a lively up-to-date journal to deal with contemporary subjects in contemporary terms. What is wanted is an uncompromising organ of bold and aggressive policy, dealing with questions of education, industry and nationalism from a cultured standpoint. Wales has plenty of sons and daughters to-day whose contributions could make a journal of this kind hum, providing there is a strong, magnetic and pervading personality in the editorial chair, who could be both trusted and respected. Here's to the health of *The Welsh Outlook.—Argus, in the Merthyr Express.*

LLOYD GEORGE—The fourth and final volume of Du Parcq's "Life of Lloyd George" has made its appearance, and notwithstanding many carping criticisms which appeared when the first volume was announced, the "Life" is indeed a most worthy effort, and a lasting credit to its able author. The publishers also have done their work well, and we have no doubt that for the present generation this biography will be the standard work on the subject. By the by,

what has become of John Hugh Edwards's "Life"? One volume has appeared, and there were three more promised. Perhaps the versatile author has been so busy in searching for the proof of those payments made to British M.P.'s six centuries ago that he has not found the necessary time to complete the work. It is not true, as Mr. Vernon Hartshorn—or was it one of his henchmen?—suggested, that all the steam is gone off in the whistle! The work, we are assured, will be completed—some day.—*Argus, in the Merthyr Express.*

DISESTABLISHMENT IN WALES — Mr. Llewellyn Williams, K.C., the able and popular M.P. for the Carmarthen Boroughs, has been writing to the London press in regard to what he expects to take place in Wales after Disestablishment. No one—not even Lloyd George—knows Wales better than Mr. Williams. He knows the Welshman of the thatch-roofed cottage and the little Bethel, at the one end; and the squire of the manor and the gentleman farmer at the other, first hand. He speaks of Disestablishment as an already accomplished fact, and his estimate of the consequences as they will manifest themselves in church and chapel, in social and political circles, in the hut and in the palace, is worth reading and pondering over. I do not agree with him that many of the self-made middle-class Liberals will turn Tories. What for? It is far more likely, now that

equality will be a reality, many of the Tory middle class will turn Liberals. It may be that he thinks Socialism and syndicalism will drive a few of the Whig Liberals into the other camp. But if one tries to answer the question "What for?"—there does not seem a strong probability of any secession worth talking about. Mr. Williams's article, as it deals with the after effect upon religion, is a valuable contribution to a subject that needs more illumination. We hope Mr. Williams will write many more articles to the English press generally on the same subject.—*Argus, in Merthyr Express.*

"Dear Sir," wrote a Cardiff father to a school teacher, "Please do not let my son John learn Welsh to-day; his throat is so bad he can hardly speak English."—*Tit-Bits.*

EVANS (Samuel J.)—Studies in Welsh Phonology. New cloth, 12mo, 112 pp., 80c. Newport, Mon.: 1909

One of the standard books on Welsh Phonology

EVANS (Samuel J.)—The Elements of Welsh Grammar. 12mo, new cloth, 60c. Newport: 1908

Of all the recent Grammars this seems to have the greater sale

EVANS (Samuel J.)—Welsh and English Exercises adapted for use with the Author's Elements of Welsh Grammar. 12mo, new cloth, 60c. Newport: 1906

Mr. Evans is doing good work, and his books are all popular

Many people want good books to gain some knowledge of the Welsh language. Even Welsh people ask questions for the best works to get them in touch with the Welsh again. The above three books will solve all their difficulties. The three, postpaid, two dollars

HENRY BLACKWELL

University Place and Tenth Street, New York

"BACH YW POB PETH YN EI DDECHREU"

Things greatest of all
In beginning are small

"GWIR TROS BYTH YN YR UNMAN"

Though all things else will change and roam
Truth ever truth is, and at home

ST. DAVID'S ISSUE

FEBRUARY, 1914

CAMBRIAN GLEANINGS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE ON WELSH MATTERS
FOR THE WELSH PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER

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WOULD you not feel good if you had written books on Wales and they were placed in all the libraries of this country, and when you went to one of the libraries and asked for a copy you were told that they were out? And when men like Cynonfardd, Ap Madoc, John Morris, Liverpool; John Worthington, Pittsburgh; Howel Jones, Kansas, John Wynne Jones, Baltimore, Canon R. E. Jones, New York, and other good people, said they were books worth having, would you not think it worth your while to follow in their footsteps and buy the books?

The books are written by a woman who knows Wales and its literature possibly better than many a Welsh native. Miss Jeannette Marks has written three unusual books on Wales: "Through a Welsh Doorway," "End of a Song," and "Gallant Little Wales." They are handsomely gotten up in cloth.

"Through a Welsh Doorway," postage paid, $1.20
"End of a Song," " " 1.26
"Gallant Little Wales," " " 1.35

HENRY BLACKWELL

University Place and Tenth Street, New York

Cambrian Gleanings

VOL. 1 February, 1914 No. 2

SAINT DAVID'S: TOWN, MAN, CATHEDRAL AND DAY—St. David's is a small town in Pembrokeshire, near St. Bride's Bay. St. David's (the Mynwy of the Britons, and the Minevia of the Romans) owes its name to St. David, the patron saint of Wales. Though now an insignificant place, in the middle ages it was an important city, owing to the numerous pilgrims attracted to it by the sanctity of its shrine. At the present time it has a population of about two thousand, possibly less than it had in St. David's time. Were it not for the cathedral, St. David's would be a dead place. When I visited this town in 1911 they had no telephone, train, trolley or stage service, simply one line of telegraph, no newspaper. They may have gas; if they had I saw none. Hedgerows in the main street. The inns are good, and a blessing to see after a drive from Fishguard on a damp day. Why is it that Americans when they go to England invariably get off at Fishguard and hurry to quaint places in Europe? Why not stay for a day or two at Fishguard and then go to St. David's, one of the quaintest places in the world. The beds are good, the food the equal of any place, and the roads perfect. You will like St.

David's. It is on high ground and overlooks the cathedral in the valley below. If your nerves are all unstrung this visit will put them in perfect order without the aid of any physician, and then you can go on your way rejoicing, because you have seen one of the sights of the world—St. David's and its cathedral.

Needless for me to say anything about St. David, as Mr. Alfred T. Davies, in his paper, does justice to the man. Enough to say that St. David is worthy of all the praise due and given to him.

The see of Minevia, or St. David's, was founded in the sixth century, and of all the four Welsh sees it is the most important. Of the original church founded by St. David nothing is now visible. The existing church is the fourth on this site—the first was destroyed by fire in 645, and the second in 1088, and the third was visited by Henry II. in 1171 and 1172. Pope Calixtus canonized St. David in 1131. Bishop Peter de Leiâ (1176-1198) replanned the whole building. Shortly after the completion of the new church the central tower fell, but was rebuilt by 1248. The cathedral was built on wet, marshy ground, and the foundations were never satisfactory until secured by the late Sir George Gilbert Scott in 1866.

St. David's Day is a day of feasting and drinking—water and otherwise. We cannot all attend

these dinners. Many of the dinners are too expensive for most people. Wales is waking up in this regard. They are now suggesting special exercises in the schools, tree-planting, and loan exhibitions of "Bygone Wales." This will do more good than all your public dinners, and, besides, will draw people to Wales.

ST. DAVID'S DAY CHURCH SERVICE—Many places observe St. David's Day by services in cathedral and churches. As far back as the time of Charles I. they were held. For years past St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has had Welsh services to the memory of St. David. In Philadelphia, in 1729, and for many years afterward, the Welsh gathered together and marched with leeks in their hats and attended Welsh services at the parish church. In New York the St. David's Society have their annual Welsh services but twice only on St. David's Day. On the first of March this year, 1914, there will be held at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine Welsh services under the auspices of the St. David's Society, and it is to be hoped that each March the first these services will be continued.

CHURCHES DEDICATED TO ST. DAVID—South Wales has over sixty churches dedicated to St. David. Up to eighty years ago North Wales had none, and possibly but few now. In various parts of England there are about forty. Brittany has many. There are also St. David churches in

Tasmania, British Columbia, Barbadoes, the Bahama Islands, Windward Island, Sydney, Old St. David's of Radnor, Delaware County, Pa., erected in 1715, by Welsh colonists, who settled in Radnor Valley from Radnorshire in 1685. New York City has a St. David's Church, built and used by Colored people. The Welsh people have none.

ST. DAVID'S DAY is not merely an event in the life of the Welsh nation; it is an opportunity for the nation's advancement. The celebrations which usually—and never more widely than at the present day—mark the anniversary may not merely be made the occasion for reviving inspiring memories of the past. They are capable, when rightly used, of leading the thoughts of all who take part in them towards higher ideals of patriotism, of inspiring richer conceptions of citizenship, of kindling, in the minds of old and young alike, a keener sense of personal responsibility and of public duty.

But for the attainment of these ends it is essential that the anniversary should be wisely directed, that the celebrations connected with it should be lifted above the trivial and commonplace, and should make some real contribution to the national life and well-being. Particularly is it of importance that the educational value of the observance of the day in the schools and colleges of Wales—the seminaries where the citizens of the future are trained for life's work—should be fully and widely appreciated.

An important, because the most natural, feature

in any such festival should, of course, be the national or folk-songs which are the expression, in the idiom of the people, of their joys and sorrows, their unaffected patriotism, their zest for the simple pleasures of a country life. Such music is the early and spontaneous uprising of artistic power in a nation, and the ground on which all national music is built up. Folk-songs are the true classics of a people, and their survival, so often by tradition alone, proves that their appeal is direct and lasting. If children are to place a due value on their inheritance of the best music of the nation to which they belong, their progress in musical power should be, in epitome, that of the race, and this it cannot be if the old songs and the old language are ignored.

But it is not merely by song and by speech that patriotism—the love of country—may be made the instrument of progress. It is all-important that the rising generation should be kept in touch, in a suitable manner, with the more important developments which are taking place in the Wales which lies outside and beyond either school or college class-room. Those who take part in commemorating the patron saint of Wales may, with profit, be made visually acquainted with some of the interesting facts concerning the past history of the land, in and for which he lived, which the National Museum of Wales, the National Library of Wales, and such bodies as the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments, the Welsh Folk-Song Society, and the numerous antiquarian and other societies now at work

in Wales are daily bringing to light. The fascination of reconstructing the past, of gathering together the materials that show the part played in national history by this or that place, of discovering the means by which a locality can carry on its national usefulness into the future—these are fields capable of yielding both interest and profit to young people of all ages as well as to their elders. The science of reconstructing the puzzle of the past from remains, from disconnected manuscript references, from place-names and field-names, from implements and tools no longer in use, is, after all, a form of history teaching which will appeal with more force to many a child than much information given in the less visual, and possibly less interesting, form of the printed page. When once the significance of an earthwork, or of casual coins or scattered masonry is realized, the secrets which they contain often become an object of desire, and additions are made, in quite unexpected places, to the number of those who find scientific and antiquarian pursuits not only a means of recreation in after-life, but also a mode of throwing a brilliant light on the general history of their country.

All such exhibitions, therefore, as the one of "Welsh Bygones," recently held by the National Museum of Wales at Cardiff, are pregnant with result. They do much to create that sense of local patriotism which grows more and more necessary if local, as well as national, life is to be organized and helpful. Antiquarian research—even on the

simplest lines—into the past history of a district gives a concrete reality to and dissipates the vagueness of local interest. It creates a sense of continuous life, of home-dwelling, of interest in the soil on which we dwell, which it is most important should not be absent from a St. David's Day celebration.

If the National Anniversary be conducted, particularly in the schools and colleges of the land, on lines which, year after year, will help the rising generation to realize that there are other interesting pursuits in life when school and college days are over than the pursuit of pleasure; that rural life, quickened by the love of the beautiful, revivified by nature study, and made more interesting by an intelligent appreciation of the why and the wherefore of the agricultural processes, can yield joys unknown in the dweller in the town; that Wales needs to-day, as she has ever done, men and women who love their nation and, like the patriots of former days, are prepared to make sacrifices in order to serve her; then, indeed, will the observance of St. David's Day in the schools and colleges of "yr hen wlad" be not merely justified but desirable on the widest possible scale.—*Alfred T. Davies.*

Why not do honor to St. David by giving the people of Wales habitations fit to live in? Unsanitary Wales, a blot on its rulers. Healthy homes, healthy people.

ST. DAVID—Wales may well rejoice that in St. David she has a native saint whom she may admire and revere. He was born, he laboured, he died and was buried in the country for which he has become the symbol of her national life.

Though much of the life of St. David is buried in obscurity, and though this obscurity is encircled by an atmosphere of conjecture, there are certain authentic facts which give us a clear conception of the man and his work. It is true that there are, unfortunately, no extant writings by St. David himself or by any of his contemporaries which would throw light upon his life. For what we know of his life we have to depend almost entirely on a writer who lived about five hundred years after the time of St. David. This was a very learned member of a learned family, Rhygvarch (surnamed the Wise), who lived during the latter part of the eleventh century (1057-1099). Rhygyvarch's father was Bishop Sulien of St. David, a man renowned for his learning. Rhygyvarch lived at the monastery of St. David's, and it is worthy of note that during his time William the Conqueror, in 1081, made a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. David. Rhygyvarch wrote a Life of St. David (*Vita s. David*) upon which almost all our knowledge of the Saint is based. In writing the life, Rhygyvarch had access to ancient materials which no longer exist, and there was a mass of floating traditions which he could use. We cannot feel that we are always on safe historical ground in following him,

for, like all mediæval writers, he gave credence to legends, and possibly invented some, in order to magnify the importance of his hero. And it was Rhygyvarch's undoubted desire to exalt the founder of St. David's above Teilo, Padarn, and Deiniol, the founders of other dioceses, and even over St. Patrick. But though the authentic figure of St. David is swathed in an embroidered envelope of legends, some trace of the genuine lineaments of the Saint penetrates through it, and we see the authentic flesh and blood of a man who deserves the reverence of mankind. And Rhygyvarch's book deserves to be regarded as a treasure.

St. David's popularity in the middle ages was greatly increased by another Life of St. David. This was written by the brilliant and versatile writer, Giraldus Cambrensis (Gerald the Welshman), the famous Archdeacon of St. David's, who lived about the end of the twelfth century (1147-1223). Gerald, who was a native of the same district as St. David, and was buried at St. David's, wrote his book with the avowed intention of showing the greatness of St. David. He made very little material change in the narrative of Rhygyvarch, except that he embellished it by his literary gifts, and wrote it, as he said, in a more "scholarly style." The only other important life of St. David published in the middle ages was that written in Welsh by an anchorite of Llanddewi Brevi, in 1346.

It is impossible to say with exactness when St. David was born or the year in which he died. The

authorities vary greatly. Rhygyvarch gave him the patriarchial age of 147 years, but the most recent writer (in *Y Cymmrodor,* 1910) says St. David died at the premature age of 44, in the year 505. Some put the year of his death as late as 601; others give 544; and others 589. All agree that he died on March 1st.

There seems to be little doubt about St. David's parentage. He was the son of Sant (in Latin Sanctus), son of Ceredig, the king who gave his name to Cardiganshire (Ceredigion). Ceredig was one of the many sons of the famous Cunedda Wledig. St. David's mother was Non (Nonn, Nonna, Nonnita), and she is said to have been the daughter of Cynyr of Caer Gawch in Mynyw.

David's birthplace was in the modern Pembrokeshire, in a spot where a chapel dedicated to Non still stands, on the shore of St. Bride's Bay. His earliest years were spent at a place called *Vetus Rebus* (or Hen Fynyw). Modern writers are divided as to whether this place was in Pembrokeshire or in Cardiganshire. The evidence seems to be in favour of Cardiganshire. There still exists in that country the church and parish of Henfynyw on the coast of Cardigan Bay, in which a part of the town of Aber Aeron is situated. A cluster of five parishes here are connected with Dewi or Non. Adjoining Henfynyw on one side is the parish of Llanddewi Aberarth. On the other side is Llanarth, dedicated to Dewi; and on yet another side is Llanerchaeron, dedicated to Non. Llan

Non (the modern village of that name) adjoins Llanddewi Aberarth. Near Aber Aeron is Sarn Ddewi, and there is a well called after his name (Ffynon Ddewi) in the parish of Henfynyw.

After many years of study St. David began to preach, and he is said to have founded many monasteries in various parts of Britain.

St. David then returned to his native district of Dyved, and there in Glyn Rhosyn (*Vallis Rosina*) he founded a monastery. We are told that St. Patrick, the future apostle of Ireland, had come to this spot thirty years before St. David was born, and that he vowed to serve God here. But an angel appeared and informed him that Vallis Rosina was reserved for a child unborn. So St. Patrick, being warned off, departed for Ireland. This story is doubtless fabulous, and its aim was to show that St. David was greater than St. Patrick. At the time St. David settled here the Church in Ireland was very active, and it is possible that this remote situation was chosen because of its accessibility to the brethren in Ireland, which was visible from this spot. No doubt it was chosen also because it was well situated for religious retirement. Certainly, as has been well said, "if heavenly contemplation was the chief object, the site was admirably chosen; for it is difficult to conceive a scene which more forcibly realizes the idea of religious seclusion than the isolated situation of St. David's, its stern and sombre landscapes, the total absence of anything like softness, its pure atmosphere, and the pres-

ence of the 'great and wide sea.'" The infant monastery attracted a great number of recluses, the most illustrious of whom was Constantine, Prince of Devon and Cornwall. Many marvels are related of the holy life spent here by St. David and his recluses. The time came that the holy David should be elevated to the degree of a bishop, and that he might receive his consecration from the purest source he was directed (we are told) to undertake a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. It is said that Teilo and Padarn (Paternus, a native of Brittany) accompanied him, and that they were warmly welcomed by the Patriarch, who promoted holy David to be an Archbishop. This visit to Jerusalem is now believed to be a myth. But that David must have travelled widely is shown by the churches which are dedicated to him in Devon, Cornwall and Brittany.

One of the most notable events in St. David's life was his visit to the Synod of Llanddewi Brefi, a village on the banks of the Brefi, a tributary of the Teivy in Cardiganshire. Here were collected a vast company of bishops, abbots, and princes, to put down the reviving heresy of Pelagianism. All the *Lives* give a detailed account of St. David's visit to the Synod. His preaching was accompanied by signs. A holy dove descended on his shoulders, and in order that he might be the better heard by the assembled multitude the ground rose under his feet. His wisdom and eloquence were so overwhelming that he was elected Archbishop of Wales by acclamation.

The time came for the holy David to depart from this life. The time—even the hour of his death—was foretold by angels. "Holy men from all the regions of Britain and Ireland came to say farewell." "And," says Rhygyvarch, "amid universal mourning, holy David gave back his life to God, Christ being his companion, and accompanied by the angelic host to the abodes of heaven. And his body was buried in his own city. But his soul without any passing time is crowned for ever and ever."

Throughout the Middle Ages the cult of St. David grew. Pilgrimages were made to his shrine. Two pilgrimages to St. David's were equal to one to Rome, and three thither equal to one to the Holy Sepulchre. Henry I. made a royal pilgrimage thither, and it was visited by Edward I. and Queen Eleanor in 1289. David is the only pure Welshman who was canonized as a Saint by the Western Church. We are told that the Festivals of David, Non, and Lily (Gwas Dewi), held on the first three days of March, were formerly observed with such solemnity at St. David's that "if any one had been known to work upon any of those days, it would have been esteemed as a very heinous offence."

The number of churches dedicated to St. David grew steadily, so that in 1836 there were over fifty in South Wales and none in North Wales. Many were dedicated to his mother also. It is peculiarly interesting to know that several churches were dedicated to David and to Non in Cornwall, Devon, and Brittany. Trethewy (formerly Tredewi) and

Pendavy (or Pendewy) in Cornwall; Saint Divy (or Saint Ivy) and Divinon (the Stair of Non) are a few of the names of places or churches in Cornwall and Brittany which commemorate St. David and his mother.

During his life St. David towered among his fellows by his holiness, and by his wisdom and eloquence; one of his names—David the Water Drinker—records his self-sacrificing austerity. He did not introduce Christianity into Wales, but he shaped its course, secured its permanence, and made it a power in the land. To-day his figure towers higher than ever; for in him is embodied the spirit of a vigorous nation, "an old and haughty nation," and one which is confident of its destiny and of its place in the world. On every St. David's Day a wave of patriotic feeling sweeps over Wales; it is then of all days that this tide is at its full flood. It is perhaps St. David's most enduring claim to the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen that he has become the symbol of its nationality. And so "on good St. David's Day" Welshmen foregather to pay tribute to their national Saint and to feel the throb of a common patriotism. There is not a village or hamlet where this feeling does not find public expression in some form or another. And these gatherings are not limited to the confines of Wales, or even to the towns in England, Scotland and Ireland in which Welshmen gather together on their national Saint's day. But beneath the scorching suns of India, on the prairies of Canada and Amer-

ica, on the African veldt, and on the plains and shores of Australia and New Zealand, Welshmen exiled from their native land gather together in the bond of brotherhood, to give vent to their common love for the "Land of their Fathers."—*Alfred T. Davies.*

ST. DAVID—We should advise the eloquent gentlemen who sing the praises of "the patron saint of Wales" on St. David's Day not to read Mr. Willis Bund's "Celtic Church." There is not much to be said for St. David as the patron saint after Mr. Willis Bund has brought his legal mind to bear upon him. David was the saint of Dimetia, that was all; and it is a damaging fact, as far as the national saintship is concerned, that not a single church in North Wales was dedicated to him before the beginning of the nineteenth century! His reputation was confined to the South, and even there "Teilo is far more the saint of Southeast Wales than David is." The worst has yet to be told. It was the Latin Church which "took David up and forced him into the position of patron saint of Wales." We are glad it is our duty to mention this when St. David's Day is yet a good way off. By the time it comes round ardent patriots may have forgotten the fact that it is to a rival Church they owe their patron saint. The Irish are better off, for Patrick is truly national; but we cannot say much for St. George. It is not quite certain whether he was a saint or a tyrant who was torn

in pieces by a furious mob; and in any case, England seems so badly off for saints that she had to borrow one from the East.—*Oswestry Advertiser, 1897.*

St. David the Water Drinker. Well would it be if the Welsh followed in his footsteps.

On St. David's Day many drink to the health of St. David. How many who do this can tell you anything about St. David?

A good man and his deeds live on forever. That is why we do honor to St. David.

Beautiful Wales, beautiful women of Wales, with the beautiful tint of consumption on their cheeks! Why? To satisfy the greed of landlords, and the careless disregard for the health of the people by its statesmen. People everywhere bind together on St. David's Day to fight this iniquity. Wales is noted for its number of consumptives.

THE great majority of Welsh people have heard of Thomas Pennant, Downing, Flintshire, who made a tour of North Wales, and in 1778 published an account of his trip. It was handsomely illustrated by Moses Griffiths. It was published also in Dublin in 1779. There was a demand continually for the work, and it was republished in London in 1810. The demand continued; the book was hard to obtain. Hugh Humphreys, of Carnarvon, set to work to get out another edition, and with the assistance of Sir John Rhys, who acted as editor, the work was issued in 1883 in three volumes, nicely bound in cloth, handsomely illustrated. Of this 1883 edition I have ten sets only for sale, and the price is $5, postage free.

HENRY BLACKWELL

University Place and Tenth Street, New York

ST. DAVID'S DAY SUGGESTIONS

St. David was a temperate man in food and drink. We honor his memory by over-indulging in food and drink. Fortunately this is restricted to a few in those places that keep St. David's Day. Why not discard the dinner, and have a St. David's Day exhibit of books, pictures, manuscripts, bric-a-brac of things Welsh, and illustrated talks on matters Welsh?

It can be done, as every Welsh family have some particular Welsh thing in their possession.

The memory of such an exhibit would be of benefit to all, and not to a few, as a dinner would be.

MARCH, 1914

CAMBRIAN GLEANINGS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE ON WELSH MATTERS
FOR THE WELSH PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER

Edited and Published by
HENRY BLACKWELL
University Place and Tenth Street, New York

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THIS little magazine has gained many good friends from all parts of the world. This issue and the previous ones tell their own story. Other issues will be devoted to Welsh literature and matters of Welsh importance.

Entire numbers will be given to the Welsh in the states where the Welsh predominate.

New York City, Utica, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Scranton and other cities will have their own number.

For years I have collected all kinds of items of what the Welsh have done in America. This will all appear in due time.

A year's subscription is only fifty cents. One dollar will pay two years' subscription.

If you are pleased with it, get your friends to subscribe.

This magazine will make a good birthday present. Won't you help the good cause along?

Cambrian Gleanings

VOL. 1 March, 1914 No. 3

HOUSING IN LIVERPOOL AND WALES —A few years ago Lloyd George spoke in the City Temple of London. He said, "There are half a million people in this city (London) who do not know where their breakfast is coming from to-morrow morning; and a million who scarcely know where their next dinner is coming from." It is said that one person in every thirty-three is in poverty in England and Wales, and that twenty persons in every hundred die in the workhouse and infirmary. Also that five million of the people of England are rich and comfortable, and thirty-eight million are poor.

Poverty, crime, disease, drunkenness and filthy habitations go hand in hand. And it will always be so long as the homes are in the filth-reeking slums. Lloyd George gave England the old-age pension and the Insurance Act. They are useless without decent places to live in. No matter how good a man or woman may be, if they live in bad and dirty homes they have no other course but to eventually join the downward road to degradation. They have no incentive to be otherwise. Pass all the laws you like to make people better, you will never succeed unless they have fit habitations. Decent homes,

cleanly people, less drunkenness, poverty will decrease, and the people will be respectable additions to the community as well as valuable citizens.

The people in New York are improving—wiping out those pest places—not homes, even if called homes—to make way for the bridge approaches and other improvements. This has already shown good results.

Big fires and earthquakes in big cities, even if great calamities, have proven themselves to be veritable god-sends.

Wales has its grand homes and magnificent grounds, the people seemingly have beautiful abodes, nicely and cleanly kept, but even these are unfit habitations—flagged and earthen floors, the windows how tiny! the walls of the house damp. It has often been a wonder to me how the Welsh have done so well under these unsanitary conditions. And yet they live on in their old, simple ways. Make the landlords in Wales, and everywhere for that matter, give the people sanitary homes.

Disestablishment in Wales? What of it? What will it do when you have it? It won't do any good to the people. Wales is minister ridden and its ministers must have a war cry, and disestablishment is as good as anything. It is all tommy rot! Stop fighting and agitating for something that will not benefit the people. Try *sanitary homes* for a war cry. This will be a theme that will do good. You may shake your head all you like at my say-

ings, but mark my word, it is only a matter of time, and that not far off either, when decent homes for the people will be the war cry the world over. There are brainy men in Wales who, if they take this cry up, will get all the glory they want and the people will get sanitary homes. When a person has a filthy home poverty satisfies him. When one has a good home one can do better, earn more money, pay bigger rents, and be good citizens. Some years ago I gave Gwilyn Cowlyd a call. He was a good Welsh poet. He lived in one of a row of houses on Scotland Street or yard, opposite the river Conway in Llanrwst. I have seen dirty houses! but this row was one big blot on the people of Llanrwst—it was a dirty blot on one of the beauty places of Wales. I wonder if this row of houses yet exist!

In the summer of 1911 I visited the birthplace of my father in Northop, Flintshire. I found the old home had gone and a new house occupied the site. There were also other new homes in Northop. Evidently Sir John Eldon Bankes of Soughton Hall finds that decent habitations for his tenants pay him well.

In various parts of England the town authorities are grappling with this housing question, and they find that it pays to do so. Progressive Liverpool, called the metropolis of Wales, has possibly a Welsh population of over one hundred and fifty thousand persons, and contains in the town and vicinity about one hundred chapels or churches con-

ducted in the Welsh language. Liverpool is famed as a shipping port, and naturally has slums of the worst type. For many years Liverpool has spent money lavishly to remedy this. They have evicted thousands of people, demolished their houses and erected in their places habitable homes, tasty in appearance, with playgrounds and flower borders, replacing houses of the most miserable order. In the city proper, buildings of importance, streets of business houses, were originally cesspools of filth and humanity. It paid Liverpool well to do this. The north and south end of Liverpool have habitable homes, even if built, mostly, by Welsh Jerry Builders, who were prolific some thirty to forty years ago.

WIFE DESERTION IN WALES—There was a time not long ago when Wales was free from crime; that is, nearly so. Judges at the Assizes were presented with white gloves because there were no cases for trial. Prisons in some places were empty and the door open. They say that now out of a population of nigh two million Wales and Monmouthshire have 209 wives and 729 children driven to pauperism because their husbands and fathers are undergoing imprisonment. In addition, 970 wives are deserted by their husbands. This is a bad showing for Wales. No doubt many of the husbands came to America as single men and married again. Men that desert their wives and children are the vilest kind of men. They should be

sent to Delaware to be publicly flogged or handed over to militant suffragettes for trial and punishment.

THE WELSH TERRIER is much in evidence these days. They have been kept pure in Wales for many years. Wales has a Welsh terrier club, so has England, and New York has a good one. The Welsh terrier is very companionable, excellent for rabbit hunting and rat killing and can exist in any climate. The Welsh terrier is not as long in the jaw as the fox terrier, but he can punish his adversary every bit as well. The Welsh terrier is black and tan in color and his coat should be thick and harsh. It is not considered favorable for a dog to have a shiny coat.

The Prince of Wales is more than devoted to Welsh terriers, and at his investiture at Carnarvon Castle in 1911, the Welsh people presented him with a Welsh terrier bitch, and from this one he bred a winner. King George and his mother, Queen Alexandra, are interested in Welsh terriers, and they have an important kennel at Sandringham.

Nigh a score of people in New York have Welsh terriers in their kennels. The late J. Worthington, of Fishguard, Pembrokeshire, a true Welsh sport, devoted his time and money to the uplifting of the Welsh terriers. J. C. James, of Fishguard, with his money enabled the Welsh Terrier Club of England to publish an excellent book on the breed.

WELSH PLAYERS IN "CHANGE"—It has often been a wonder to me, and to others, too, why the Welsh people do not take to the stage more than they do. Theatres in Wales are scarcely known, particularly in North Wales. South Wales has many, because there we find a good foreign population, and they want, and will have, all the good things due them. At all times the ministers in Wales preach against theatres, calling them devil's playthings. The bulk of them talk about things they know nothing of. They would sooner be buried alive than go to play-houses! To them play-houses are abodes of wickedness; places, if you have regard for your salvation, you will avoid for all time. And yet these same ministers of the Gospel in Wales are doing all they can in their churches, literary meetings, church gatherings, and little Eisteddfods to foster a taste for theatricals. They get the children to recite pieces and the ones that put life and action in their parts generally win the prize. This is simply play-acting. Because it is done in the church it is good. If done in a theatre very bad. They have their cantatas and will act "Rhys Lewis" and they see no harm in this. Let the ministers devote themselves to religion. If they go to good plays occasionally it will do them good and broaden their views and enable them to preach better religion.

Possibly Lord Howard de Walden had this in his mind when he offered a prize for the best Welsh play by a Welsh author. Many competed, and the

prize of five hundred dollars was given to J. O. Francis for his play named "Change."

Lord de Walden intends building a portable theatre to hold 1,000 people, and take it here and there in Wales with a Welsh play by Welsh actors, with free admission, to show the Welsh people that a play is not the bad thing pictured by their ministers. When "Change" was produced in London it was well received and given unstinted praise by the London press.

"Change" was produced at the Booth Theatre, New York, on the evening of January 27, 1914, to a crowded and critical audience. The play was followed with close attention. It was something totally different to what New Yorkers have been accustomed to. It was a play true to Welsh life in Wales, not only in the past, but it is a portrayal of actual life in many places to-day in Wales, and from my own knowledge it is an exact rendering of Welsh life among some Welsh families in New York and other parts of Welsh-residing districts of the United States to-day.

It is an effective play. Many in the audience were weeping, no doubt thinking of their own old home in Wales. Possibly many were disappointed with the theme, and even these afterwards said it was a play that grew on them. At later performances, some of the harsh, disagreeable features were changed to more pleasant renderings. Be it what it is, it is a play that will do good, and it behooves the Welsh everywhere to see it if they have the op-

portunity. The New York papers the day afterward, with one exception, gave "Change" in column reviews abundant praise.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

John Price.....Ernest Cove
Gwen Price.....Lillian Mason
Gwilym Price.....Harold West
Sam Thatcher.....Edmond Kennedy
Isaac Pugh.....Tom Owen
Lewis Price.....R. A. Hopkins
John Henry Price.....John Howell
Dai Matthews.....Gareth Hughes
Twm Powell.....William Hopkins
Jinnie Pugh.....Doris Owen
Lizzie Ann.....Eleanor Daniels

The Scene is laid in John Price's Cottage on the Thwmp, Aberpandy.

Of the people on the cast as above, they all did their work well, and each deserves well the plaudits of all.

THE WELSH PLAYERS IN "CHANGE" AT THE BOOTH THEATRE—A prize play produced for the first time by a stage society is something to make the most relentless optimist skeptical. It was, therefore, with little enthusiasm that I settled down on Tuesday to witness "Change," by J. O. Francis, which won Lord Howard de Walden's offer for the best Welsh play by a Welsh author. But five minutes after the curtain was up

I realized that Mr. Francis was a man to be taken seriously. At the outset he demonstrated his firm grip on character and his ability to create living, potent dialogue. As the play developed my admiration increased, until I finally realized that "Change," far from being typical of the usual "prize" play, was a piece of work of the first rank —a drama which fell in line with the best and most dignified of modern playwriting.

The theme of "Change" is an old one. We have had many dealing with the same subject, but Mr. Francis has got beneath the surface of his incidents and showed us the underlying motives of his theme. He has organized his effects so that they are merely symbols of fundamental causes. His play is a fluid, plastic thing which more than once plunges into the very undercurrents of human hopes and aspirations. He makes us feel intimately the futile reiteration of life and death. He has reversed Conrad's "Youth" and given us an epic of old age. We see the two generations at cross purposes, unable to view the world from one another's viewpoint. He has deftly—I had almost said masterfully—suggested the eternal conflict between age and youth. And furthermore, he has caught the deep-rooted tragedy of this grim conflict without siding either with the parents or with the children. He has shown us the picture without the customary embellishments. It is not a particularly pleasant play, but it possesses an esthetic and pyschological significance which raises it above the merely il-

lustrative phase of art and makes of it a significant interpretation and explanation of the motivating forces of life.

We are presented with a sordid picture of a home wherein the old people sacrifice all for the education of the three sons; and then we are shown the inevitable results of this sacrifice—the development of the children beyond the comprehension of the parents. They do not understand the new ideas, and are broken by the fact that the sons have failed to follow in the old-fashioned faith. One by one the sons leave the home—one is driven out by the father, another is killed in a strike brawl, still another departs for Australia. And in the end the old people, broken and mystified by the apparent cruelty of life, seek solace in each other.

The cast represents one of the most competent aggregations of players it has been my good fortune to see this season. To name those who deserve mention would be to print the entire list of characters. They give the final touch of verisimilitude to a play which, for genuine merit and competency of treatment, has not been surpassed this season.—*Town Topics, New York.*

LLOYD GEORGE AND THE DUKES—Mr. Lloyd George's polemical methods have for so long been a subject of censure on the part of his opponents and a cause of sincere regret among his more sober friends that it is difficult to see why the recent criticism of the London *Times* should

have given rise to so many improbable speculations. There may possibly be some ground for the belief that it was inspired indirectly by his own colleagues, but to suppose that "its object was to provide Mr. Lloyd George with ground for action under the common law" is to say the least unlikely, considering how very mild it is in comparison with some of the attacks he has suffered good-humoredly enough at the hands of others.

The *Times* is not the first to accuse the Chancellor of the Exchequer of untruthfulness or of personal malice. As to the hints at mental infirmity, they must not be taken too seriously. Mr. Lloyd George's horror of Dukes is described as a sort of obsession. "He seems," the *Times* says, "to suffer from the delusion that they persecute him, and he returns to them again and again with morbid iteration. He suppresses other names, but goes out of his way to abuse Dukes." But the *Times* must know very well that this is done for rhetorical effect, and that the cry of "Duke" means no more from Mr. Lloyd George than the cry of "Socialism" from his enemies.

The truth is that at Limehouse Mr. George made an easy hit with his abuse of Dukes. Wherever the word "Duke" occurs in the current reports of his speech it is followed inevitably by "(laughter)," "(loud laughter)," or "(laughter and cheers)." Ever since then the Duke has served as an obvious cockshy, and Mr. George, who is not a very refined or fastidious comedian, has been glad

to make use of it on every possible occasion. His method may be in bad taste, but there is no madness in it.

In accusing him of "political blackmail" the *Times* is only retorting in kind. At Limehouse Mr. George cried: "Oh, these dukes! (loud laughter). How they harass us! (more laughter) . . . Look at the leasehold system! A case like that is not business; it is blackmail! (loud cheers)," and so forth. Mr. Lloyd George is not nice in his way of dealing with his opponents, and the *Times* is right in protesting that his manners do not "consort with the dignity and good name of his administration." But it is only a question of manners, and the Tories should remember that they dwell in a glass house.—*Editorial in New York Evening Sun.*

MOTHER TONGUES OF NEW YORKERS

	Per cent.
English and Celtic	21
Yiddish and Hebrew	19
German	18
Italian	12
Polish	3
French	1
Swedish	1
Magyar	1

DRIVING ART TO AMERICA—The London Daily *Express,* in an editorial on the New York *Times's* announcement of the purchase of "the Cowper Madonna," takes occasion to attack Lloyd George for his financial measures, which it alleges help toward the depletion of the nation's art treasures.

"This export from England of masterpieces," it says, "is a growing calamity, and the tendency of Lloyd Georgian finance and taxation will not make it less so. There are still many canvasses of rare worth and beauty hanging on the walls of manor houses. The land owners who own them may cling to the last to their heritage; but sooner or later the pictures will be squeezed from the walls of the class which radicalism would tax out of existence. If, and when, they go, American will probably get them."

BONESETTER REESE, OF YOUNGSTOWN, O.—Ray McKee, better known around the American League circuit as Red McKee, is smiling to himself over the one he recently put over on Bonesetter Reese, of Youngstown, O. McKee, who, incidentally, was one of the four young catchers who made a sensation last season in the younger organization, recently has been troubled with a sore arm. Knowing that Bonesetter Reese has done much for other ailing pastimers, Red decided to pay the Ohio osteopath a visit. But before he made the trip McKee was informed that

under a new law it is possible for Reese to charge a steep price for treating ball players. Not wishing to be taxed too heavily for the reason that he is a ball player, Red framed up a little scheme which worked to advantage.

"What's your business?" the osteopath asked McKee when Red went to his office.

"I'm a carpenter," answered the catcher, smiling up his sleeve. "I hurt my arm sawing wood."

Then the bonesetter got to work on Red's arm, which contained a dislocated ligament. A few twists of the bonesetter's mighty fingers soon had the ligament back in place. As he started for the door McKee asked what the charge was.

"You said you were a carpenter," said Reese. "Well, I guess things are mighty slow around here these days. There ain't much building. I'll charge you $10."

Red paid the $10 only too willingly, but before he left the office he handed Reese his card.

Reese looked at it a while and then extended Red his hand, exclaiming:

"Mr. McKee, I want to shake hands with you. I've been in this business a good many years. You're the first man who ever put anything over on me."—*William Hershey.*

EVERYBODY WHO has ever followed baseball knows Bonesetter Reese—the Welshman who knows every ligament, muscle or bone in the human body. Ball players who find themselves slipping

down frequently drop in and out of Youngstown to consult Reese. He can tell in a few minutes with a few touches of those mysterious fingers whether or not a muscle is out of place. His knowledge of osteopathy has proved invaluable to the ball player, for he has brought more than one man back to the game who seemingly was lost. But he does not treat ball players alone. Persons from all over the country visit him. He does a lot of charitable work, especially among the children. He is most happy when he can aid a crippled child. Osteopathy just comes natural to him.

GENTRY OF WALES.—Somehow the idea prevails that because a man has wealth, a big estate, and a good rent roll he must be a bad man, and be the target for all kind of criticism, taxation and abuse. In the community where they live they are important personages. Take Wales, for instance. Nigh every place has its squire. Sometimes he is not popular, for the reason that his steward may be a nasty and disagreeable man. But oftener he is man of the place. His home is full of handsome things, pictures and books, the gathering of generations and added to continually—museums, in fact, and on certain days opened to the people. They are true patrons of art, and their names generally head the subscription lists that are constantly about. Charles Hughes, bookseller, of St. Asaph, told me, many years ago, that the gentry were the mainstay of the country store. He had

standing orders to send to the gentry in the vicinity copies of all good books as they appeared, regardless of price. And it was the same with the other tradespeople.

Excessive taxation in England and Wales, with curtailment of rent rolls, are depleting their homes of treasures in books and pictures to the advantage of the United States.

William Moody, a native of Wales, emigrated to America about 1635 and settled with his family at Newbury, Mass., where he died October 25, 1673. His son, Joshua, was also born in Wales, and educated at Harvard College. He was pastor of churches in Portsmouth and Boston. He was offered the presidency of Harvard College, which he refused.

Robert Morris, the financier of the American Revolution, a native of Liverpool, England, as well as his father and grandfather, was married to Mary White in Philadelphia, March 2, 1769, by the Rev. Richard Peters. Morris was a man of thirty-five, and his wife twenty. Six years later they had a family of four.

The St. David's Society of New York, at one of its meetings in 1850, passed a resolution that $205, the proceeds of their sixth annual ball, go to the funds of the Society in aid of the poor and needy.

A few good, new books on Wales and the Welsh—all in a good cloth binding.

Fifty Cents Each, postage paid.

"The Sleeping Bard," by Ellis Wyn.

Borrow's "Wild Wales."

"Mabinogion," Lady Guest's translation.

Works of Giraldus Cambrensis.

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Geoffrey of Monmouth, Kings of Britain.

Prof. Rhys's "Life of King Arthur," 2 Vols, $1.

HENRY BLACKWELL,
University Place and Tenth Street, New York

THE three primary points of nature and originality: where it cannot be better, where it cannot be otherwise, and where there is no necessity of its being otherwise.

LLYWARCH HEN
(496?-646?)

APRIL, 1914

CAMBRIAN GLEANINGS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE ON WELSH MATTERS
FOR THE WELSH PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER

Edited and Published by
HENRY BLACKWELL
University Place and Tenth Street, New York

Subscription 50 cents yearly - - Single copies 5 cents
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I HAVE not seen a Welsh person yet, but what has saved up some little note or scrap about the settlement of some Welsh place in America. I will appreciate such items, as they may add knowledge to the history of the Welsh in America. They will be returned if so requested.

It is said that fully two hundred places in the United States celebrated in some way or other St. David's Day. A list of these places will be splendid records, and will show us the places where the Welsh people have located.

Programmes of Welsh events from any place in America will be useful.

Cambrian Gleanings

VOL. 1 April, 1914 No. 4

FLOYD FAMILY—An interesting point in connection with the engagement of President Wilson's daughter Eleanor to Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo is the fact that Floyd County, Georgia, from which her mother comes, was so named in honor of Mr. McAdoo's great-grandfather, General John Floyd, who was in command of the Georgia troops in the Creek Indian Wars of 1812 and 1813. Mrs. Wilson's old home was at Rome, Floyd County, Georgia.

The Floyd family are an old Welsh-American family. The original was Richard Floyd. Born in Breconshire, South Wales, about 1620, he came to America in 1654, and settled at Setauket, Suffolk County, Long Island, New York, which he and many others founded. He was the first judge of Suffolk County, and also colonel of the militia of Suffolk County, and held both offices to his death, about 1690. His eldest son, Richard, born 1661, died 1737, was also judge and colonel of the militia of Suffolk County, the same as his father. He married Margaret Nicoll, eldest daughter of Matthias Nicoll, secretary of the Duke of York's commissioners, who captured New York from the Dutch, and the first secretary of the English prov-

ince of New York. Their eldest son, Richard, third of the name, born 1703, died 1771, likewise became judge of the Common Pleas, and colonel of the militia of Suffolk County, which, like his father and grandfather, he held during his life. He married the daughter of Colonel Samuel Hutchinson, of Southhold, Long Island. Their eldest son, Richard, fourth of the name, born about 1736, died in New Brunswick, 1791, was also judge of the Common Pleas, and colonel of the militia in Suffolk County. His wife was the daughter of Judge David Jones, of Great Neck, Long Island. William Floyd, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was the son of Nicoll Floyd, who was the second son of the original Richard Floyd, who came from Wales in 1654. He was born in Brookhaven, Suffolk County, 1734, and died at Weston, Oneida County, New York, 1821. He was a man of importance. From 1777 to 1788 he was State Senator under the first Constitution of New York. At the close of the war he bought a large tract of confiscated land at Oneida County, New York, to which he removed, with his children, in 1804.

For the facts here stated I am indebted to Appleton's Encyclopædia of American Biography.

The Floyd family are closely interwoven with the Jones, Nicoll, Floyd-Jones and Hutchinson families of Long Island. Branches of the Floyd family, and they were prolific, migrated to Maine, Canada, Virginia, Georgia and other places.

The Floyd families are national in importance

and have added lustre to their country. I had heard it stated that Secretary McAdoo was of Welsh ancestry, and that he prided himself on the fact. Now that it is shown that he belongs to the Floyd family, it is easy to understand why he has been successful in his undertakings—tunnels and marriage.

WELSH BOOKS DESTROYED — In his "Epistle to the Cymry," which precedes the Welsh Testament of 1567, Bishop Richard Davies bemoans the destruction of books in Wales during the troubled times of the Edwardian conquest, and again at a later period, when Owen Glyndwr carried fire and sword through the land, burning towns, bishops' houses, monasteries and shrines. He knows of no nation in such a pitiable plight as the Welsh, with no literature in the vernacular to replace what had been burned and destroyed.

The Bodleian MS., Tanner XXII., shows that when Edward Lhuyd, the antiquarian, was searching for MSS. in Glamorgan in 1697, he met with "several Welsh MSS., but not above two or three of any considerable antiquity, and they not written above 300 years since." He further says that a considerable part of our writings "have without doubt been long since burned and destroyed, and many of them of later years, for one Mr. Roberts, a clergyman in the country, tells me he saw heaps of parchment Books and Rolls burned at St. David's during ye late Civil Warrs; and did himself, being then a schoolboy, carry several out of

ye library, for the sake of the Guilt Letters," etc.

Many tomes were purposely destroyed to prevent the people from exercising the old form of worship. Every one suspected of possessing books containing the Pope's name, or professing allegiance to him, was very severely dealt with. The secret letters among the Cecil MSS. show how closely the movements of the Welsh Jesuits were watched. Reminiscences of mutilated missals still remain among some collections of MSS. In some cases they were used to round collections of non-liturgical tracts, of which Peniarth MS. 20 affords an instance. Others have been found as end papers, cut down by the binders; beautifully scored leaves of rare music have been discovered serving these and other base uses.

Fire has been an even greater enemy of Welsh books and MSS. than the destroying hand of the Puritan reformer. Fire destroyed the great library of the Herberts at Raglan Castle; portions of the Havod, and a number of other smaller collections, succumbed to it; while the great blaze at Wynnstay, in March, 1858, destroyed a rare collection, including such valuable MSS. as the "White Book of Hergest," the "Chronicon of Asser Menevensis," and many others. Damp has also left its ravages, and the Peniarth and other collections bear witness to the deep-laid schemes of mice and rats against the MSS. of Wales.

It is noteworthy that, as far as we know, all the Welsh literature on monastic shelves was in manu-

script form. The printing press did practically nothing for Wales till the year 1546, when the first series of religious primers made its appearance. Printed at the expense of Sir J. Price, but edited probably by W. Salesbury, it contained the calendar, Creed, Paternoster, Decalogue, the Seven Sacraments, etc., taken from various Welsh MSS., which Price had gathered as one of the commissioners at the dissolution. In view of the spoliation that had been carried on it is curious that the commandment "Thou shalt not steal" is missing from the Decalogue in this primer.

A number of fugitive Welsh Catholic priests printed on the Continent several Welsh books of devotion, and among them was the first Welsh grammar, by Cardinal Borromeo's confessor, Dr. Griffith Roberts, printed in Milan, 1567. In the same year the Book of Common Prayer and the New Testament appeared in Welsh, from the hands of Bishop R. Davies, of St. David's, and William Salesbury; and twenty-one years later Bishop Morgan, of St. Asaph, published his Welsh Bible, which proved an incomparable blessing, not only to religion, but also to the language and literature of Wales.—*Monastic Libraries of Wales, by D. Rhys Phillips.*

JOHN LAMBERT CADWALADER, who died early this year in New York, was a man of importance—a noted lawyer, born at Trenton, N. J., November 17, 1836. His will, filed March 21,

1914, gave to the New York Public Library $100,000, as well as his grand collection of prints. The Metropolitan Museum is to receive his Chelsea and European porcelain, his Japanese and Chinese bronzes, and his antique, including Chippendale furniture. Other institutions and universities received good bequests. Mr. Cadwalader is said to have been worth ten to twenty millions of dollars. He had never married and lived simply. It was his custom every spring to go salmon fishing in Canada, and hunting every fall in Scotland. Mr. Cadwalader was a direct descendant of John Cadawalader, the founder of the Cadwalader family in Philadelphia, who was born in the township of Ciltalgarth, in the parish of Llanfor, Merionethshire, about 1677-8. Educated in Pembrokeshire, under the care of the Society of Friends, said to be the Grammar School of Haverfordwest, founded in 1612, and at the time of John Cadwalader considered one of the best schools in Wales. John removed to Pennsylvania in 1697, at the age of nineteen.

The Cadwaladers of Philadelphia have been people of distinction and importance in all spheres of life, and have made themselves felt in American history. The history of the old families of Philadelphia and vicinity are in nigh all cases closely identified with Wales, and to those who desire to read what the Welsh have done in early Philadelphia and Pennsylvania in the time of William Penn and later, I would suggest the reading of

Jenkins' "Historical Collections of Gwynnedd," Moon's "Morris Genealogy," Keith's "Provincial Councillors," the pamphlets issued by Dr. Joseph J. Levick, and Glenn's books, "Merion in the Welsh Tract" and "Welsh Founders of Pennsylvania." All of the books should be in all Welsh libraries, private and public, as they all are works of importance.

ELDER WILLIAM THOMAS was a native of Llanwerth, Monmouthshire, where he was born in 1678. He came to America in 1712, and settled at Hilltown, Bucks County, Pa., in 1718. He was the first to preach at this place. In 1737 he built with his own hands a log church. The pulpit he made out of a poplar tree, hollowed out, which was placed on a platform. He served as pastor of this Hilltown Baptist Church to the time of his death, on October 6, 1757.

GEORGE CLYMER, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born at Philadelphia, 1739, died at Morrisville, Bucks County, Pa., January 23, 1813. His father, Christopher, was also born at Philadelphia, 1711. His grandfather, Richard, came to America from Bristol, England, prior to 1710, and his great-grandfather was also a native of Bristol. It has been stated that Clymer was a Welshman, but there is no actual proof that such is the case.

BUTTON GWINNETT, signer of the Declaration of Independence, died in Georgia May 27, 1777. He was born somewhere in England about 1732. He was engaged in mercantile pursuits in Bristol, and that is all that is known about his life, up to his arrival in Charlestown, S. C., and then to Savannah, Ga., in 1765, where he was a general trader. The Welsh say that Gwinnett was a Welshman. They have no proof that such is the case. Anyhow, he may be Welsh, or he may be Irish, but the fact is that his autographs are scarce, more likely unknown, and this is stranger still when it is considered that he was an early Governor of Georgia. Recently an autograph signature of Gwinnett was discovered in Georgia, and sold to Herbert L. Pratt, of New York, for $2,800.

IRRIGATION BY A WELSHMAN IN 1610—Rowland Vaughan, of New-court, Herefordshire, published an exceedingly scarce book in 1610, "Most Approved and Long Experienced Water Workes." The author was one of the distinguished family of Vaughan, settled at Bredwarden, Herefordshire, and Porthaml, in Breconshire. After serving in Queen Elizabeth's court under his relative, Blanche Parry, one of the Queen's maids of honor, whose sour temper, he tells us, he could not endure, he returned home to New-court, where he farmed on an improved scale. The object of the book is to illustrate the possibility of fertilizing meadows by irrigation, for which purpose he

diverted the Dore brook and flooded his meadows. But his description of the water works is poetical and much exaggerated, as any one can see who visits New-court, where the channels he made can still be traced. The cause of his taking to irrigate his meadows was through seeing the work of an *wnt,* or, as he spells it, *want,* which is elsewhere known as a mole, through whose hole along the ground a little channel of water ran, causing the grass to be exceptionally green.—*Colonel J. A. Bradney.*

EISTEDDFOD, OR MUSICAL FESTIVAL, IN NEW YORK—Thousands of Welsh people attended the Welsh musical festival in Pittsburgh last year. It was called an Eisteddfod. But the choral singing was the attraction. They had a Gorsedd, they had real bards in attendance as well as the Arch Druid Dyfed from Wales, and that is all that can be said. They had "chairing the bard," a serious event in Wales, done by genuine chaired bards. Here it was done by some good bards, and a few imitation bards, who knew nothing about Bardism or poetry. Eisteddfod or musical festival, the Pittsburgh gathering was remarkable. The heat was intense, but the vast crowd gave it no heed; they were present to enjoy themselves, because it was a treat that could not easily be duplicated. As regards singing the Welsh people are awfully chesty, because it is generally known that they can sing; they imagine that they

can excel the world. To these Welsh people I would advise them to read and ponder over the following from the *New York Times* in regard to a musical festival to be held in New York next September:

"A music festival for Van Cortlandt Park next September, with 1,000 bandsmen, five symphony orchestras, and 6,000 singers in the choruses, has been arranged for by a committee of musicians and choir leaders representing eighteen different nationalities having colonies in New York.

"It is the plan of those in charge of the festival arrangements to make it as largely an outpouring of all the people comprising New York's mixed population as possible. There will be a chorus of Esthonians, who are represented in the Bronx by a colony from the world's smallest civilized nation, and a chorus of Lithuanians, who in their colony in South Brooklyn still speak what is the nearest approach in current languages to Sanscrit.

"Each of the eighteen nationalities contributing musical talent to the festival will be represented by a chorus which will sing the folk songs of the country, then the classical selections of the country's chief composers, and finally the modern music of composers who are still alive.

"The festival is scheduled for five afternoons and five evenings in September, the exact dates to be chosen so that the event may become the chief musical feature of the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the founding of New York City.

On the final day of the festival an event is scheduled which it is expected will eclipse any former effort at folk singing in this country. It will be an effort to interpret in a definite manner the wonderful mixture of the races that has gone into the making of New York City. For this event the 6,000 singers from all of the nationalities participating will sing in chorus a new song to be written especially for the occasion. This song will celebrate the spirit of freedom that immigrants from the Old World have found in the new. It will be sung in English and will be written either by an American composer or by an English composer.

"For the festival no admission fee will be charged and none of the participants will receive any compensation, the plan being, according to its originators, to make the occasion a "folk gathering" in as true a sense of the word as are such gatherings in Europe.

"Arturo Toscanini, director of the Metropolitan Orchestra, who is one of the originators of the plan, has been invited to be leader of the massed orchestras and of the massed choruses. Under him will be a leader representing each nation, who will have charge of the work in his particular field for all numbers except the final choruses.

"Ivan Narodny, its secretary, discussed some of the interesting groups who will participate in the festival.

" 'We will bring to the attention of New York people,' he said 'quite a number of groups of

whom, I am sure, most of us never heard. They are groups who have built their own national music halls, organized their choruses, and developed singers who are famous in their own quarters of the city, and yet who have never been heard of in musical reviews or in the press.

" 'We found, for instance, that the Finns—always lovers of nature and beautiful perspectives—have settled down in force near Sunset Park in Brooklyn. There they have built the biggest music hall of any foreign colony in New York, and have twice a week musical evenings, in which a chorus of 150 members participates.

" 'The Lithuanians, who we should expect would be a negligible quantity, really lead all the other colonies in the size of their trained chorus, for it numbers 300 members, and appears weekly at the colony's hall in South Brooklyn.

" 'The eighteen countries whose folk songs will be rendered during the festival include the Russians, Poles, Scandinavians, Finns, Lithuanians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Balkan Slavs, Esthonians, Spaniards, Germans, French, Swiss, Italians, Americans, Irish, Welsh and Persians. Leaders have been designated to organize each of these groups who are already familiar with the local colonies and the musical talent in them.'

"The orchestras whose leaders have offered cooperation include the Philharmonic, the Symphony Society, the Italian Symphony, the Scandinavian Symphony, and the Russian Symphony."

NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES—From the year 1876 to 1912, out of thirty-seven Eisteddfods, three only did not meet expenses. The Eisteddfod at Pontypridd of 1893 had a deficiency of nigh thirteen thousand dollars. During this time Carnarvon had five Eisteddfods and all were money-makers, showing that two out of the five made a profit of seven thousand dollars each. The Rhyl Eisteddfod of 1904 was the smallest money-maker, with a profit of fifty-two dollars out of an expenditure of over twenty thousand dollars. The Eisteddfods held at London and Liverpool show good profits.

Monmouthshire, with its two Eisteddfods, held at Newport in 1897, and Pontypridd in 1893, cost together nearly sixty-six thousand dollars, with a loss of over twelve thousand two hundred dollars. Such being the case, it would be policy on the part of the National Eisteddfod Committee to keep away from Monmouthshire, unless each town bore the loss. The Eisteddfods held in North Wales cost less to run than they do in South Wales, and with excellent results, even if the Llandudno Eisteddfod of 1896 showed a loss of three thousand dollars.

THE FIRST NUMBER OF "Y DRAVOD," a Welsh newspaper, published at Patagonia, South America, made its appearance January 17, 1891. Price twenty-five cents, it had a circulation of 290 copies. It was edited by Lewis Jones, a native of Carnarvon, North Wales.

ST. DAVID'S DAY this year in Wales was observed more so than usual. The schools had special exercises, participated in by the children. London had a notable banquet, and the day was observed by the Welsh in America in over two hundred places. Some day the Welsh will take as much pride in St. David's Day as their Irish friends do in their St. Patrick's Day.

PENNILLION SINGING—William ap Madoc in America and Eos Dar in Wales are noted and have no equal in the singing of Pennillion. But they will have to watch, otherwise they will be waning stars. At Merthyr last St. David's Day a group of Abermorlais schoolgirls captured the audience with their innovation of Pennillion singing. Eos Dar was there, too, and he sang, too, to show that the girls had not eclipsed him entirely.

THE LATE GEORGE B. ROBERTS, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, born near Philadelphia January 15, 1833, died January 30, 1897. His ancestors came from Bala, North Wales, and arrived at Philadelphia November 16, 1683, and settled at Merion, the home of George B. Roberts, who called the place Bala. Singular to say that the trains to Bala, North Wales, and to Bala, Pennsylvania, ran for the first time in each place on the same day and the same year.

MAGISTRATES AND MINISTERS IN NORTH WALES—North Wales, with a population of a little over half a million persons, has a magistrate for each 620 of its population, and a minister, counting all the varieties, to each 125 of its population. Do you wonder at North Wales being good when they are so tightly hemmed in by the law and Church?

HOUSING IN ENGLAND AND WALES—In the March issue I said that to do good to the people give them decent habitations to live in. In 1909 there was founded in London the Welsh Housing Association, and its officers are men of Welsh importance. Also another London concern, National Welsh Housing Pioneers, Limited. (A practical building company, as distinguished from the propagandist character of the Welsh Housing Association.) Possibly these are money-making schemes; the last one certainly is. What the people want are decent homes, not the spread of any system of principles. King George has the right idea in the following from the *New York Times:*

"KING GEORGE ORDERS A SLUMS CLEAN-UP—It is remembered that King George, for the Prince of Wales, as beneficiary of the estates of the Duchy of Cornwall, is the landlord of one of the worst slums in London. There is a part of Kennington, on the south side of the Thames, which belongs to the duchy, and consists of a maze of small

streets and alleys constituting a veritable Alsatia.

"At the King's personal instigation, the committee which controls the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall has taken in hand the task of doing away with the conditions prevailing there, and the whole area will be subjected to a cleansing process —the old houses torn down, new streets laid out, and a number of artisans' dwellings of the latest model constructed.

"A tribute to the work started by the King in this connection was paid by Sir James Crichton-Browne, the eminent alienist, at a meeting of sanitary engineers recently. Sir James said:

" 'In the reconstruction being carried out under the direction and supervision of his Majesty on his estate in Kennington he has declared that the object to be kept in view is to make people happy and comfortable; and his Majesty has recognized the fundamental principles to be observed if that object is to be attained, for he has insisted on planning the buildings as substantial, commodious and comely dwellings, with every modern improvement in ventilation, lighting, washing, and cooking, and even with attention to the mainstays of domestic life, such as roomy cupboards, upon which, after all, happiness and comfort a good deal depend.

" 'One admirable feature in the King's reconstruction is the mixture of classes which it involves. If you huddle together the very poor you create a slum; if you associate people of different stations you raise the whole tone of life."

READERS of CAMBRIAN GLEANINGS, kindly do all you can to get your friends to subscribe, and be sure to secure all the numbers from the start, as you will find many items that you cannot get elsewhere. More subscribers have been received from the states of Minnesota, Washington, Oregon and California than from any other states.

THERE ARE THREE PILLARS of the SOCIAL STATE:

Sovereignty

The Voice of the Country

and

Judicature

DYVNWAL MOELMUD

Welsh prince, flourished A.D. 500

PRINTERS OF WELSH BOOKS IN AMERICA

MAY, 1914

CAMBRIAN GLEANINGS

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WELSH CHURCHES SHOULD ADVERTISE

I HAVE often wondered why it is that the Welsh Churches in America do not advertise. Many Welsh people visit New York, absolute strangers, knowing no one. They want to go to a Welsh Church; there is no way of finding out where they are located, and in consequence they cannot go.

Colonel Phillips, of Scranton, told me his experiences, how, when he was working in Philadelphia, many years ago, he tried to find a Welsh Church. He could not, so he gave it up for a bad job. Passing through a street one night, he heard a familiar Welsh hymn sung. It took him some time to locate the place where the singing was, as all about was totally dark. Finally he found the place; he went in, found friends, and he was then not so lonely. When I came to New York in September, 1877, a total stranger, I knew of no Welshman or even knew that New York had a Welsh Church. Six months later, an Irish friend, noticing that I received Welsh papers, told me about the Eleventh Street Welsh Church. I attended, and soon was at home.

If all the Welsh Churches of all denominations would join together and issue a little directory, showing where all the Welsh Churches are located, and spread them broadcast, it would do good and would surely be a grand investment.

Cambrian Gleanings

VOL. 1 May, 1914 No. 5

PRINTERS OF BOOKS IN WELSH IN THE UNITED STATES—A quarter of a century ago I jotted down for my own amusement the names of places in America where books in the Welsh language had been printed, with the names of the printer and the earliest date. The places are arranged alphabetically and printers chronologically.

ALLIANCE, OHIO

Monitor Alliance Office..... 1870

CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA

Republican Office..... 1885

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

R. R. Meredith and Sons..... 1886
Office of Columbia..... 1891

CINCINNATI, OHIO

E. Morgan & Co..... 1854

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Charles Scott..... 1840

EAST PALESTINE, OHIO

Ellis Roberts..... 1881

EMPORIA, KANSAS

Columbia Publishing Co..... 1888

GRANVILLE, NEW YORK

G. A. Weller..... 1884

HYDE PARK, PENNSYLVANIA

Baner American Office..... 1876

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

J. C. Ayer & Co..... 1883

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

William Osborne..... 1836
Benjamin J. Owens..... 1838
Edward O. Jenkins..... 1851
Baker, Goodwin & Co..... 1851
John M. Jones..... 1851
American Bible Society..... 1854
Benjamin Parry..... 1855
Richards and Jones..... 1856
D. Fanshaw.....About 1860
American Tract Society.....About 1865
H. J. Hughes..... 1870
Taylor and Barwood..... 1872
J. W. Taylor..... 1875
J. W. Pratt..... 1880

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Andrew Bradford.....1721-1735
Samuel Keimer & Dafydd Harry..... 1730
Presbyterian Board of Publication..... 1864
Jayne & Son..... 1881
Sower, Potts & Co..... 1884

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Methodist Episcopal Church Press..... 1843
Hostetter and Smith..... 1870
Wasg Printing Office..... 1873-1876

POTTSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

B. Bannan..... 1846
Miners' Journal Office..... 1847
R. Edwards..... 1862-1883
Bannan & Ramsay..... 1872

REMSEN, NEW YORK

John R. Everett..... 1840
R. R. & R. Everett..... 1844
Lewis Everett..... 1875
E. Davies..... 1882

ROME, NEW YORK

A. J. Rowley & Co..... 1848
Pickard and Carr..... 1852
R. R. Meredith..... 1854

SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

Scranton Republican Office..... 1867
F. A. Crandall & Co..... 1868
Baner American Office..... 1876
W. J. King..... 1881
W. J. Kann..... 1886

SHENANDOAH, PENNSYLVANIA

J. J. Kirkwood..... 1887

UTICA, NEW YORK

Ira Merrill	1808
William Williams	1827
Evan E. Roberts	1842
Richard Edwards	1843
R. W. Roberts	1845
David C. Davies	1859
Davies and Griffiths	1860
Thomas J. Griffiths	1862
J. James Jones	1864
John M. Jones	1867
Griffiths and Warren	1867
Ellis H. Roberts & Co	1876

Nineteen towns have printed books in the Welsh language. Philadelphia has the first place, 1721-1735. Utica in 1808 and 1827. New York stands third, 1836. New York heads the list as regards printers, with fourteen; Utica has twelve. Pottsville, Rome, Scranton and Remsen were good printing centres, now none. New York has no Welsh printers. In Chicago I understand that Meredith holds his own. At the present time there are only three places in America where Welsh is printed. Utica always was a good field for Welsh printing. Evan E. Roberts printed many Welsh books covering many years. But the dean of Welsh printers in America, the man who has printed more books than any other printer, is Thomas J. Griffiths, Utica. He started in 1860, and to this day he holds his own. Mr. Griffiths has done much to foster

Welsh printing in America; he keeps himself outside of the lime-light; he surrounds himself with good, capable men. Mr. Griffiths has published *"Y Drych,"* a weekly Welsh newspaper, for over forty years, and during all this time his name is rarely seen in his paper. Just think—a man who does not read, speak, or write in Welsh, is the printer of hundreds of Welsh books, and the publisher of the cleanest and best paper published in the Welsh language in any part of the world. Fifty-four years printing Welsh literature, with never a word of appreciation; no taffy, no bouquets, or anything! Welshmen, wake up, and do honor to Mr. Griffiths! Why not in the near future tender a banquet to the man who, more than any other, has preserved the Welsh language in America.

CURFEW BELL was revived or introduced in England by King William the First, in the year 1068. On the ringing of the curfew at eight o'clock in the evening, all fires and candles were to be extinguished under a severe penalty. The curfew was abolished by King Henry in 1100. The curfew bell is still rung at Ruthin in Denbighshire, and possibly in a few other places in England. It has survived a custom of nigh nine hundred years at Ruthin, where it is rung nightly at eight o'clock, and ends with tolling the day of the month.

JOHN LLOYD, WYGFAIR AND HAFODUNOS—Williams, in his "Parliamentary His-

tory of Wales," says of John Lloyd: "An unsuccessful candidate in November, 1796, but was seated on petition June, 1797, and accepted the Chiltern Hundreds September, 1799. He was the son of Hoel L. Lloyd, of Hafodunos, born 1749, called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, 1781, elected a Bencher 1811, was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and an intimate friend of the great naturalist, Sir Joseph Banks, P.R.S., and therefore called by his friends 'the Philosopher.' Created D.C.L. Oxford, July 5, 1793, and died at Wickwar, Gloucester, April, 1815, aged 65." Clarke, in his "Repertorium Bibliographicum," has a few references to the prices some of Lloyd's library sold for. The Journal of the Welsh Bibliographical Society, June, 1910, says that sometime they will have a paper on John Lloyd, and that is all that I can glean about Lloyd outside of a priced catalogue of the sale of his library January 15, 1816, and twelve following days. Catalogue two was sold January 26, 27 and 29, 1816. The first catalogue, 100 pp. contained 1,888 lots, or about ten thousand volumes, from the presses of Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, etc., etc. In this part there were but few on Wales. Caxton's print of "The Lyfe of Our Lady" sold for £36 15*s.*, and "Recuyele of the Historyes of Troye," £126. Pynson's books sold at £2 to £15. Part two contained Lloyd's books and manuscripts on Wales, prints, maps, paintings, astronomical, philosophical, chemical and optical instruments, minerals, fossils, antiquities,

coins, plate and china; they numbered about five hundred lots. Caxton's "King Arthur," perfect, save four leaves missing at the end, with large margins, sold for £320. East's imprint of the "Storye of Kynge Arthur," thirty-two shillings. Humphrey Lhuyd's "Breviary of Britayne," 1593, thirty-seven shillings. Pennant's "Snowdon," Willis Browne's "Cathedrals of Wales," Rowland's "Mona," and others, sold at good prices. There were three copies of John David Rhys's Welsh grammar, 1592; the three sold for £5 10*s*. Other books sold at moderate prices.

The catalogue contained 38 MSS. in Welsh. The auctioneer, Mr. Broster, secured the Rev. Walter Davies, Rector of Manafon, to catalogue these MSS. "It appears evident that the greater part of them are from the laborious pen of John Jones, of Gelli Lyfdy, in the County of Flint, gentleman, about the commencement of the seventeenth century, and of the reign of King Charles I." "The copies of 'Geoffrey of Monmouth,' 'Triades,' and others not written by Mr. Jones, are much more ancient, and may be considered as the productions, apparently of the eleventh, twelfth, or thirteenth century." These 38 MSS. sold singly, and they sold for a total of £44 17*s*. It would be interesting to know what became of these manuscripts. They do not seem to be known. Evans's "Reports of Welsh Manuscripts" has no mention of any of these MSS. of Jones.

Not only was Lloyd a member of Parliament for

Flint, he was also Doctor of Laws, Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and member of the Linnæan Society. He seems also to have been an expert in the use of astronomical, philosophical, chemical and optical instruments, and yet notwithstanding his learning and wonderful collections, he does not seem to be mentioned in any biography, English or Welsh. His collections were all sold at his residence at Wygfair, near St. Asaph, Denbighshire.

PAGANINI—There was a wonderful man who played wonderfully on a wonderful instrument. They say he sometimes played upon one string alone. A Welshman told a friend that he once went to hear that man play. The Welshman was himself a player upon the violin, and he said: "We were all jealous of this long, greasy-haired Italian violinist, and we said: 'What can Paganini do more than we can do?' And there he stood before us, and we said: *'That is Paginini.'* But he lifted his bow and brought it down and, my word, sir, it was like a shower of music from Heaven, sir! He cut off all their heads and poured them in a basket."—*John Wanamaker.*

JUDGE DAVID JENKINS of Hensol, Glamorgan, born 1582, died December 6, 1663. Welsh judge and royalist, barrister and Welsh parliamentarian, captured by the Roundheads at Here-

ford when they took the city. They threatened to execute him. He laughed at the idea, and said "he would go with the Bible under one arm, and the Magna Charta under the other to the scaffold." He contested that Parliament had no right to try him. He had trials enough, but each time he bested them. While in prison, and he was in many (militant, cat and mouse style), he issued pamphlets galore, to set Parliament and army at odds (*à la* Ulster to-day). At the Restoration they had to let him go, and he retired to his estates at Hensol in Glamorganshire, and became the patron of Wales, and presided at the annual Eisteddfod at Ystradowen.

He published many pamphlets and they are worth having, that is if you can get them. In 1648 he published his "Life and Works"; it must have been a good seller, as I have five editions published that year, some difference in each copy. The Cardiff Library has copies of this 1648 edition, so also has the National Library of Wales. It would be a good idea to know how many editions were published in 1648. Wood says of Jenkins, "vigorous maintainer of the rights of the crown, a heart of oak, and a pillar of the law."

WELSH WRITERS—In the making of this magazine, I receive all kind of letters, suggestions, and puff-ups from many. It is wonderful how a Welshman can write puffs of himself, and they are in all cases the silliest kind of trash. Some even

say: "If you publish my letter I will subscribe to your magazine, and if you add something good about me, I will take a few extra copies of that issue." To those Welshmen I would suggest the buying of a phonograph—talk praises of themselves in the machine, and then grind them out to their hearts' content. Sometimes letters are received that are good. The following from a good Welshman's letter is worth saving:

"It is a fact that has been put to me very forcibly that the Welsh people in general don't appreciate those who *write* for them, *sing* for them, *preach* to them. Give them a few whiffs of platform *hot air,* and their enthusiastic support is almost boundless, but the *hwyl* is seldom, if ever, generated in behalf of Cambria's writers. Take for instance, 'Owen Rhoscomyl.' In my opinion, he has the brilliant Arthur Brisbane beaten to a frazzle. The latter is lauded to the skies all over the country, but in only comparatively few cases could you learn of Welsh blood leaping through the veins by one of Rhoscomyl's glistening gems of journalism. Take again Spencer Leigh Hughes, the 'Sub Rosa' of the London *Daily News and Leader.* We do not agree with all he says, but Elbert Hubbard has nothing on him either in wit or satire. And yet few have taken the trouble to know that he is the son of a Welsh Wesleyan preacher. And so it goes all along the line. Wales positively does not appreciate those who write for either her glory or her good."

NEW YORK ST. DAVID'S DAY CHURCH SERVICE was held at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Sunday, March the first last. The idea originated with one of the Cathedral's Canons, Robert Ellis Jones, a native of Beddgelert. The day was exceedingly stormy and dangerous, as a blizzard was raging. The services were good, the singing excellent, and the sermon on Welsh matters, by the Rev. John Williams, was brilliant. The attendance numbered about 750. The offering, for the benefit of St. David's Society benevolent fund, was $39.28, two others gave five dollars each, making a total of $49.28, Twenty-five gave one dollar each, making thirty-five dollars from twenty-seven people, and the other 723 people gave in all $14.28, not two cents each. The expenses for printing, etc., totalled $93.63, a deficiency of $44.35. This is Welsh nationality with a vengeance! And the needy?

JOHN BOWEN, SWANSEA—From an old Welsh Bible published in 1678, the property of John Bowen, Swansea, the following is gleaned from the notes written by the owner, John Bowen: Elizabeth Rice, born at Swansea, May 12, 1714, died April 12, 1766. Married Thomas Bowen January 1, 1745, who died September 7, 1792, aged 77, and was buried in St. John's Churchyard, Swansea. They had seven children. John, the owner of this Bible, was the second child, born February 15, 1747; his death is unrecorded. John Bowen evi-

dently was a minister of the Established Church. The *Bath Journal* of March 28, 1826, states that the Rev. J. Bowen delivered a Farewell Sermon at St. Margaret's Chapel, where he had presided as Pastor for the last thirty-three years. The *Bath Journal* of July 10, 1826, states that friends of the church presented the Rev. J. Bowen with a silver salver, value sixty guineas. *The Cambrian,* Swansea, September 14, 1827, says that the "Church of St. John's, in this town, has a beautiful window fitted up at the East End, in which is introduced in painted glass the figures of Faith, Hope and Charity, after the design of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The window was placed in the chancel by the Rev. John Bowen of Bath; he also fitted up the altar with rich crimson velvet coverings, and two arm chairs." The Rev. John Bowen is not recorded in any biographies, while much lesser lights are duly recorded.

THOMAS JEFFERSON AND AGRICULTURE—Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, born in Virginia April 2, 1743, died in Virginia July 4, 1826. In his biography he states "that his ancestors came from the foot of Snowdon." The first of the Virginia Jeffersons, a native of Wales, was a member of the Virginia legislature of 1619, which was the first legislature convened on the Western continent. Thomas Jefferson believed in agriculture and did his best to have agricultural education in schools. He was ahead of his time. He said "those who till the soil are the

chosen people of God." What a glorious champion of Home Rule was Jefferson when he said, "Can any one reason be assigned why a hundred and sixty thousand electors in the island of Great Britain should give law to four millions in the states of America?"

As regards agriculture the colleges of Wales are doing good work. I know of cases where men from the United States have gone to Wales to be educated in agriculture, and they have told me that the colleges of Wales are equal, and possibly superior to the agricultural colleges of America. During the past hundred and fifty years much has been published on agriculture in Wales by many writers. In the year 1827 Wales had 3,117,000 acres under cultivation.

THOMAS EDWARDS, "CAERFALLWCH," a good Welsh writer, born at Northop, Flintshire, in 1779. The *Dictionary of National Biography* gives his death at London June 4, 1858. *Y brython* published in 1858, states that his death occurred on July 4, 1858. This must be correct.

THE DRUID—I am sorry to see that it has changed its name to the *Welsh-American.* They say that it is bad luck for a paper to change its name. The *Druid* was a good paper, and it did much to cement together the Welsh people in America. Success to the new name!

JEWS, CHINESE, INDIANS, AND NEGROES ALL WELSH—They claim that the Welsh are the lost tribes of Israel. Madoc made the Indians Welsh. The colored people, some have Welsh names, can speak Welsh, and sing Aberystwyth, so we may as well claim them. Now Dr. Emrys Roberts says that there is a close resemblance between the ancient Welsh and Chinamen. That's natural; we now have the Jews, Whites, Blacks, Yellows, and Reds. Next!

If Adam and Eve were Welsh, the entire world are Welsh.

FOLK LORE—A bookseller in Edinburgh recently sent out a catalogue of books on Folk Lore, including works on Mythology, Popular Traditions, Fairy Tales, Legends, Popular Poetry, Proverbs, Superstition, and the Occult Sciences. It is an unusual catalogue, and contains nigh two thousand works on the subject, many of which pertain to Wales. In recent years many books have been published on the Folk Lore and Mythology of Wales, and like many other countries Wales has a flourishing Folk Lore Society.

LLOYD GEORGE AND HIS SOCIALISTIC BUDGET—The Chancellor of the Exchequer's budget, presented in the British Parliament Monday, May 4th, carries his country still further into the depths of radicalism. How long will the British people stand Lloyd George and his theories, which

are obviously at variance with the cherished British idea of fairness? To increase the national income about $50,000,000 the Chancellor proposes to increase the tax on all incomes of more than $5,000 a year and add to the supertax on large incomes so much that the tax of some Britons will exceed 62 cents in the pound. He also designs to raise the death rates so that the tax on some estates will amount to one-fifth of the total valuation. Thus the increased burdens will be placed entirely on one class, or it might be truer to say will not trouble wage-earners and men of moderate salaries at all. The taxation of the very rich will be increased, but the professional men, the business men, will be most heavily oppressed. A lawyer or physician, a writer or engineer whose earned income amounts to as much as $12,500 a year, must pay to the State 32 cents for every $5, in addition to his house rates and parish taxes, which are never low. If he is lucky enough to have in addition an unearned income, however, small, he must pay nearly double the income tax rates on that. To be sure, the lawyer or the physician may try to increase his fees to meet his increased taxes, but there is plenty of competition in those professions, while the untaxed class either uses the services of cheap physicians or depends on free medical aid, and it has very little use for lawyers.

Yet Mr. Lloyd George is not appreciably in the way to transform Great Britain into a paradise for wage-earners. Indeed, in spite of his increased

land taxes, his old-age pensions, his insurance schemes, and his inclination to press the people who are thrifty as much as possible, the growth of labor disturbances during his long term of office has been enormous. He is no favorite with the Socialists and syndicalists, while he persists in his adherence to a plan of action which, as one of his conservative critics has said, will tend to produce in England "a population of greedy, irresponsible spongers, in place of the sturdy, self-respecting working class." In any fair system of taxation the burden is shared by all. If more money is needed to carry on the Government, the poor man should pay his penny and the fairly well-to-do man should not be compelled to pay more than his fair share of shillings. But the needs of the British Government have been largely increased by Mr. Lloyd George's socialistic measures, and it is not unlikely that a change in the Ministry will be required before long, less on account of the Home Rule agitation than because of a general demand for a return to sound economic principles.—*Editorial in New York Times.*

WELSH IN NEW YORK STATE—A young man by the name of Paul D. Evans, a student of Cornell University, has been successfully gathering materials towards making a thesis on the Welsh of New York State. He has unearthed lots of good things, and has gone about his work in a systematic manner, and I am sure it will be good.

WELSH SOCIETIES

IN America we have an endless variety of Welsh societies, St. David's, Cymmrodorion, and Ivorites, located in towns and villages where the Welsh predominate. Some meet yearly, half yearly, quarterly, monthly, and fortnightly. These societies should jointly issue a directory, giving the locality and night of meeting, and inviting strangers to attend. If you want the Welsh people to get together, this is your opportunity to get them to know where you are located. Wandering strangers could visit you, and maybe they would make your dreary meetings more lively, with talks and experiences. People who wander generally know things. Federation of all Welsh societies in America is useless and of no value and will do no good, for the reason that the societies are scattered all over the country, and the few that would have charge would quickly form a close corporation, and so long as money would come in they would gallivant about and have a good time, and it would be of no value to anyone save themselves. Advertise your churches and societies and you will do good to the Welsh everywhere. You will bring strangers to you who will appreciate your goodness, and you then will have the right kind of Federation.

NEVER RETRACT
NEVER EXPLAIN
GET IT DONE
AND
LET THEM HOWL

DR. JEWETT

THE WELSH IN AMERICA

JUNE, 1914

CAMBRIAN GLEANINGS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE ON WELSH MATTERS
FOR THE WELSH PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER

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Church of Wales

AFTER many years of back-biting, scrapping and evil-speaking the Church in Wales has been disestablished. It had to come. It means that the Nonconformists of Wales will not pay taxes or tithes to the Church, and also that the four bishops of Wales will not sit in the House of Lords. In the United States we have no Established Church, and it is just and proper that it is so. It is not right that ministers of the Gospel should make laws for the people unless elected by the people.

I suppose the Church in Wales will now be called the *Church of Wales*. For that is really what it is. It has a grand ancient history, and it has learning and culture on its side. The Church in Wales need have no fear; it will not stand idle. It has the Welsh people at its back. The Welsh people have always loved the Church. The tithe question is settled as regards the Church. The Church will have good and brainy Welsh preachers, and they will fill their churches. *Eglwys Fy Mam* (Church of my Mother) will surely go ahead and prosper, and who knows? possibly the disestablishing of the Church in Wales will be to its advantage, and may be the undoing of the Nonconformist denomination in Wales.

Cambrian Gleanings

VOL. 1 June, 1914 No. 6

THE WELSH IN AMERICA—The article on the *Welsh in America* reproduced in this issue is by far the best of anything I have seen in print. Very often some Eisteddfod in America offers a prize for the best history, in some particular line or other, on the Welsh in America. Competitors are at a disadvantage, inasmuch as they have a difficulty to know and find what has been published on the subject, and for over a quarter of a century I have received letters asking for information, and the knowledge is wanted quickly. It is not always an easy matter to comply with their demands. These letters of enquiry take time to answer, and then, after spending considerable time, you are rarely thanked for what you do. Much has been written on the Welsh in America, scattered about here and there. No library in the United States cares a rap about Wales sufficient to gather literature on the subject. Possibly the only three libraries that have anything good on Wales are the ones belonging to the Harvard and Brown Universities, also the Pennsylvania Historical Society. The libraries in the places where the Welsh are in evidence have nothing on Wales, and in many places I question if the librarians know if Wales exists. Many librarians

run their libraries by a system that does not satisfy the public with needed books. Some libraries are like the bulk of clerks in department book stores, who consider books and bricks the same kind of merchandise. *Book stores are the only places to buy books.* Some books are sold by subscription, that is, books that booksellers cannot always get, and many of these *subscription book publishers treat their customers honestly.* Book selling is a profession, and a law should be passed that book stores be the only places to buy books. You do not go to an undertaking place for groceries, so why go to a dry-goods store for books?

The National Library of Wales is doing all it can to gather all the Welsh books published in America, and it will be a good joke on the Welsh people of America, that if in the course of time any one should want to write on the Welsh in America they will be compelled to go to Wales for the necessary information. And I will do all I can to make this possible, as it is well to have one place where it is possible to gain the desired information.

Possibly, in the future, some may want information where they can find particulars of the Welsh in America, and to settle the question once for all, I will enumerate what has been so written and published. The pages of the Welsh newspapers will aid you. *Baner America, Y Drych, Y Cymro Americaidd, Y Wasg, Cymro America, Y Gwyliedydd Americanaidd, Druid* and *Columbia.* Many Welsh magazines have been published in America.

The following will be of help: *Y Cyfaill, Y Wawr, Y Cenhadwr Americanaidd,* and the *Cambrian.*

The town and county histories where the Welsh reside *may* have some information; anything published on early Philadelphia will be of value. Thomas's *Hanes Cymru America,* 1872; W. R. Evans's *"Welshmen as Civil, Political and Moral Factors,"* 1894; *Hanes Cymru, Minnesota,* 1895; Rev. D. J. Williams's *"The Welsh of Columbus, Ohio,"* 1913; Joseph Aubrey's *"Our Republic,"* 1891; Ebenezer Edward's *"Welshmen as Factors,"* 1899; Alexander Jones's *"Cymry of '76,"* 1851; Isaac Smucker's *"Welsh Settlements of Licking County, Ohio,"* 1869; R. E. Williams's *"Glimpses of Wales and the Welsh,"* Pittsburgh, 1894; Glenn's *"Welsh Founders of Pennsylvania"* and *"Merion in the Welsh Tract";* Howard M. Jenkins's *"Historical Collections of Gwynnedd,"* Horatio Gates Jones's numerous pamphlets on Welsh topics of Philadelphia; also the tracts issued by Joseph J. Levick, of Philadelphia. *The Friend,* published in Philadelphia, has much on the Welsh Friends of Pennsylvania; Bagg's *"Pioneers of Utica,"* 1877; Cornell's *"History of Pennsylvania,"* 1876; Pomeroy Jones's *"Annals of Oneida County, New York";* B. W. Chidlaw's *Yr American; o Ohio i Gymru,* 1840. Many of the published Eisteddfod programmes give the history of Eisteddfods in their particular locality. Many magazine articles of the Welsh in America have been published by Thomas L. James, Erasmus W. Jones, H. N. Carson, and others.

Poole's *"Index of Magazines"* will help show other articles. With all the authorities quoted there should be no difficulty in writing a grand history of the Welsh in America.

THE WELSH IN AMERICA

GOOD CITIZENS WHO DO NOT SEEK NOTORIETY. THEIR HELP IN ESTABLISHING THE REPUBLIC — THEIR CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, FESTIVALS, AND NEWSPAPERS

Of the three Celtic races which have contributed so largely to the development and prosperty of this country the Irish are born politicians and legislators and have ever taken active and practical interest in State affairs; the Scotch, ignoring politics, with their shrewd and thrifty sense of trade, have shared to a wonderful degree in the extension of our commerce, while the Welsh, modest, unassuming, with no desire to shine or to challenge the pretensions of their brethren, with quiet industry and unaffected dignity, have worked and labored in various fields, winning for themselves neither fame nor fortune, but a place safe and secure in the respect and confidence of their fellow-men.

In the pursuits of each are reflected the tendencies of national thought and character, but they do not reveal the highest sentiments that possess them. If the Welsh are the least prominent, the Scotch are not more deeply concerned than they are for the

welfare of the whole people, nor are the Irish more patriotic than either.

It has always been the fate or fortune of the Welsh to go through the world unrecognized, almost unknown, and certainly unappreciated. They have toiled and others have reaped the benefits and secured the credit of their labors. They are not a jealous or revengeful people, and so have never sought to snatch from the usurpers' brows the wreaths themselves have won, but have toiled anew, caring more for the doing than for the mere honor of doing, content in the knowledge that their work was of substantial value to the world. For this reason much of their early usefulness has been lost sight of altogether or ignorantly slighted, but when the history of pioneering shall be compiled it will be discovered that since the remotest ages the Welsh and kindred races have ever been in the van of human endeavor and progress.

The actual antiquity of the three Celtic races has never been satisfactorily demonstrated. Following them back through the early centuries of the world's history we finally lose all trace of them after locating them in the East. Here the science of philology comes to our aid and enables us to continue the search on a faint trail of sound until it is learned beyond dispute that they are as remote in their origin at least as the Hindus, but beyond this we cannot go.

When the natives of the East began to move westward the Celts were among the first to emi-

grate. They passed through Europe, leading the way for others to follow, and enduring every species of hardship and privation. In ancient Gaul they settled for a time and tended their flocks at peace among themselves, but their prosperity soon excited the envy of less fortunate tribes, and they were compelled to fight for every inch of ground they occupied. Incessant warfare followed them at every step, until they fled to Britain, but even there their enemies continued their persecutions.

Finally the race divided, one portion going to Scotland, another to Ireland, and the third remaining in Wales. The first two branches thereafter enjoyed comparative tranquility in the possession of their new-found lands, but the last was still subjected to the domineering tyranny of others. Not until long after the final incorporation of Wales with England did these persecutions cease, enabling them at last to settle down and cultivate, unmolested, the soil which they had defended with so much energy and zeal. The early history of the Welsh may be summed up in three words—work and war.

When the Welsh found that they were no longer to be disturbed in their labor and possessions they began to develop the mines which abound in their country, and while other nations were involved in feudal strife these people were laying the foundations of a national character and reputation for worth, integrity and skill. The difficulties that were constantly encountered in their work turned their

attention necessarily to the mechanical arts, and they, of modern peoples, were among the earliest to construct and employ machinery to aid them in their enterprises. Nor were the more refined arts neglected, and they have transmitted a literature that is the equal, and in some respects the superior, of that of any other land.

With the earliest tides of European emigration to the shores of America the Welsh were closely identified. They landed from the "Mayflower" on Plymouth Rock, and performed well their full share in the struggles of the infant colonies of New England. They came over with William Penn, himself of Welsh origin, and they have ever since been active and prominent in the industrial development of the great State which he founded. With the march of progress they drifted westward, always in advance, settling largely in Ohio, Iowa and Wisconsin, and they were among the first on the gold fields of California. They have also gone South, but wherever they have appeared they have, by their patience, industry, honesty and loyalty to their adopted country, established themselves firmly in the esteem of their neighbors.

There exists no record of the first Welsh settler in New York, but it is known that they were among the earliest white inhabitants of Manhattan Island. They mingled freely with the others and much of their race individuality was lost. This has always been characteristic of the Welsh. They have never in any strange country held aloof by themselves, as

some others do, but have sought to affiliate with their neighbors, adapting themselves at once to surrounding conditions and working for the common weal. As the city grew in size and importance they came in larger numbers and have always formed no inconsiderable part of the population. They are so widely distributed about that there are no means of making a trustworthy estimate of their strength in this city.

An approximate idea of the numerical strength of a race may generally be obtained from the attendance at the churches peculiar to the national religion, but of the Welsh this is not true. They had at one time four churches in New York—a Baptist, a Welsh Presbyterian, a Methodist and a Congregational— in which services were conducted in the Welsh language, but only the Presbyterian and Congregational survive. This is due to their habit of intermixing. They have neglected their own for English-speaking congregations. They are about equally divided among these four denominations, any preponderance being in favor of the Congregational. There are among them a very few Episcopalians, though the vast majority, both in this country and at home, are Nonconformists. They never took kindly to the Church of England, which in Wales exacts from them tithes for the support of a ritual they do not use.

The Welsh churches flourish better outside of this city. They are plentiful in Oneida County, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and all through the

mining regions of Pennsylvania, so that there are at least 400 in this country in which the services are conducted in the mother tongue.

The Welsh have never, either in their own or this country, developed much political ambition. They do not aspire to public office, and they cast their ballots independently. They judge candidates rather than doubtful principles, and support those whom they believe will best serve the interests of all. Theirs is but a feeble voice in New York, but in Oneida County and Rutland County, Vt., and in the Pennsylvania mountain districts they cast the controlling vote.

The Welsh are seldom found in circumstances so reduced as to call for the aid of their more fortunate brethren, but such as are in want of life necessities have never failed in securing from their countrymen the needed help. One of their first cares on settling in New York was to establish a society for the relief of indigent Welshmen, but there seems to have been so little demand upon it that it gradually dropped out of existence. No record of it survives, and it is now little more than a tradition.

The first Welsh organization in New York City having a charitable purpose, of which definite knowledge is obtainable, was the Ancient Britons Benefit Society of the City of New York, which was instituted May 5, 1805, and incorporated February 27, 1807. This was a consolidation of the Albion and St. David's Societies, which had previously existed for several years separate. The first

President of the new organization was William Roberts and the first Secretary David John. During the period between 1805 and 1873, when it went out of existence, the Society had twenty-two Presidents.

At the dinner of the Ancient Britons held on St. David's Day, 1835, a number of gentlemen present agreed to organize a society that should bear the name of the patron saint of Wales. Accordingly, on November 9th following, the present St. David's Society was instituted as the St. David's Benefit and Benevolent Society. The first officers of this Society were: President, General Morgan Lewis, a son of Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; First Vice-President, Thomas I. Jones; Second Vice-President, Edgar W. Davies; Treasurer, Luke Davis; Recording Secretary, Griffith W. Griffiths; Corresponding Secretary, William Miles; Board of Directors, Evan Griffith, John Jenkins, Thomas George, Jr., David Roberts, Joseph Morgan, William Price, John Jones, John X. Jones, John Morgan, R. J. Williams, Robert Roberts, Daniel L. Jones.

Of this original Board of Officers Griffith W. Griffiths, Daniel L. Jones and William Miles alone survive. They are all of them very old gentlemen, but remarkably well preserved, and they still take an active interest in the society they helped to found. At the last election of the Society, held March 18th, Mr. Griffiths was elected Corresponding Secretary, and during the past few years Mr.

Miles has served as Chairman of the Finance Committee and Mr. Jones has attended personally to much of the benevolent work of the organization. They have each served the Society on several occasions as President.

The prosperity of the organization continued uninterrupted until 1841, when it divided into two societies—the St. David's Benefit and the St. David's Benevolent. The former, which was a mutual benefit association, continued up to 1886, when its existence terminated. On its dissolution each member received about $70. The Benevolent Society is the one now existing, with this change: That on March 18th it altered its name, under a new constitution, to the St. David's Society of the State of New York.

An attempt was made in 1842 to start a rival to the two societies then in this city, and the Welsh Society of the City of New York was organized. Its constitution was drafted by G. W. Griffiths, and Evan Griffith was its President, but it lasted only for two years, when it died of inanition. This is, in brief, a history of the Welsh societies in New York. Philadelphia is believed to have had one before this city, but it was not very old when the Welshmen here started theirs.

In dispensing their charity the Welsh are very practical. Every case of distress is investigated, and when found worthy of sympathy is never neglected, but they do not encourage alms-seeking, and personal pride, except when in extreme distress,

prevents a Welshman from soliciting public aid, so that the amounts disbursed in such channels by these societies, when compared with similar organizations of other races in the city, appear very small indeed. Last year the total sum expended by the St. David's Society for charities was only $353.50, which was ample to meet all the demands upon it.

The national festivals of the Welsh are not many. Their great annual feast day is the 1st of March, which is set apart for the special honor of their patron saint. St. David stands to them in much the same relation as St. Patrick to the Irish people, and they make merry to his memory. The Welsh societies throughout the country hold then their annual dinners, and the day is otherwise universally and appropriately observed.

In the Pennsylvania districts, where the Welsh are more densely settled than in New York, they hold each year their great bardic festival, the Eisteddfod, when contests are indulged in and prizes are awarded for literary and musical ability. These festivals, which last all day, are influential in developing the literary talents of the people, as they are open to all, and rewards are distributed impartially and with strict regard for merit. On these occasions the most notable literary men and women in the country appear in person or send contributions, and the youth are encouraged to try with them their skill.

It was not until 1875 that any attempt was made

to establish the Eisteddfod in New York. On Christmas Day of that year the first was held in the Welsh Presbyterian Church, on Thirteenth Street. M. V. Powell and G. W. Griffiths were the most active in the work of getting it up and interesting others in the project, and it proved so great a success that others were held at the same place in 1876, 1877, 1879. They were small affairs for the kind, being rather in the nature of experiments, but in 1880 it was decided to venture on a larger scale. Association Hall was engaged and the entertainment had such good results that the next was held the following year in Chickering Hall, when the chief choral prize was $300. The following Christmas the Eisteddfod was held at the same place, and on this occasion the chief choral prize was $400. The next Eisteddfod was held two years later, on Washington's Birthday, 1884, and the next on the same anniversary, 1886, at the same place. The last was held February 22, 1888, in Association Hall, and was under the management of Mr. Henry Blackwell, as was also the one previous. None has been held this year, but it will probably be revived in 1890, though this yet remains to be decided.

The native Welsh language and literature have not been altogether neglected in their newspapers in this country. Though New York has no paper or periodical devoted to the interests of the race, there are several scattered through the States. There are no daily journals, and only three weeklies. These are the *Columbia,* published in English at

Emporia, Kan.; *Y Drych* (The Mirror), at Utica, and *Y Wasg* (The Press), at Pittsburgh. Besides these are four monthlies, all published in this State. The *Cambrian,* published in English, and *Y Cenhadwr* (The Missionary), are issued at Remsen; *Y Cyfaill* (The Friend) and *Y Wawr* (The Dawn) at Utica. Each is devoted to denominational interests and all have a large circulation.

The Welsh are not lacking either in literary or musical talent. G. H. Humphreys, the editor of *Y Drych,* is the leading poet in this country, though his verse circulates only in the columns of his paper. William Courtney, the musician, is a native of South Wales, and there is working in the coal mines of Scranton a man whose melodies are known and sung in every Welsh household in the land. This is William Gwent, who finds inspiration in the bowels of the earth. Though possessing but little education, he has the divine gift of music, natural and pure, and it gushes from him with the freedom and grace of the old Welsh bards. Nor in the fine arts are they unrepresented, for they have David Richards, the sculptor, whose work is world known.

Until recently no attempt had ever been made to compile a Welsh bibliography, rich though the subject would prove, but there has lately stepped forward a gentleman who intends to supply this deficiency. During the past ten years Mr. Henry Blackwell, of Woodside, Long Island, has labored at the task of collecting information on the subject, and though his work is not more than half com-

pleted, it promises to be, when finished, a monument to Cambrian literature.

Another much-needed work has been a dictionary of the Welsh language, but this promises also soon to be supplied by a clergyman. The Rev. D. Silvan Evans, D.D., Rector of Llanwrin, Machynlleth, North Wales, after forty years of study and philological research, has within the past twenty months issued the first two parts of a national lexicon. A glance at these gives a faint impression of the magnitude of the whole work. The letters A and B each require 120 pages. It is the compiler's intention to make it as complete as the German dictionary of Grimm and the French of Littell.

No Goold Brown, however, has yet appeared to the Welsh people to fix for them a standard of grammatical construction, and the consequence is that though there exist many scholarly works upon the subject no two authorities agree.

Of those who, by their services to the American Union, have won the lasting gratitude of the Nation, the Welsh race has always been well represented. Thomas Jefferson was of Welsh origin, Francis Lewis and Richard Floyd, signers of the Declaration of Independence, were natives of Wales, and the Welsh aided nobly in fighting against England in the Revolution. General Thomas, the Rock of Chickamauga, was of Welsh descent.

Prominent among living Welshmen in this city is ex-Judge Noah Davis, who has just been honored with the Presidency of the St. David's Society. The

Rev. D. Parker Morgan, of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, who cherishes the hope of soon preaching in an Episcopal Church of St. David, where the Society will be comfortably housed and its spiritual wants supplied, is a native of Brecon, South Wales, and ex-Postmaster-General Thomas L. James is a Welshman by descent.

To appreciate the importance of the race, as a whole, in American industries it is only necessary to remember that they control the mining of iron, coal and slate in the United States, and all the managers of the iron works of Pennsylvania and Alabama are Welshmen.

Every race has its peculiarities of character, and the Welsh have theirs. They are hot-tempered and easily provoked, and they dislike very much to be interfered with. They are patient enough under ordinary conditions, but they rebel against coercion, of whatever kind. They are peculiarly a working people, and though the population of Wales is only a little more than 1,250,000, they supply England's 38,000,000 with more than one-third of the coal they use. For this inestimable benefit they receive no return but taxation. The public education that England affords her own sons is denied to theirs, and they are forced to acquire learning as best they can, and it is an eloquent commentary on their intelligence that in spite of such discouragements the Welsh have conquered every difficulty and are competent to lead the world in science, art and literature. —*New York Times,* April 7, 1889.

OVER thirty Welsh newspapers and magazines have been published in America, the histories of which are of more than passing interest, and possibly I will have to devote two entire numbers of this magazine to their histories. There are people to-day in the United States who have had something to do in their publication. I will be glad if all those would send me particulars of what they have done, and if they have any issues of Welsh papers published here I will be glad to receive same for examination in order that any statement I make will be correct.

Abraham Lincoln on the Tariff

See Cambrian Gleanings for January for the Welsh Ancestry of Abraham Lincoln

"Secretary Stanton once asked Abraham Lincoln what he thought of a Protective Tariff. Mr. Lincoln replied: 'I don't know much about the Tariff, but I do know that if my wife buys her cloak in America, we get the money and the cloak, and that American labor is paid for producing it; if she buys her cloak abroad, we get only the cloak, the other country gets the money, and foreign labor receives the benefit.'"

A TRIP TO WALES

JULY, 1914

CAMBRIAN GLEANINGS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE ON WELSH MATTERS
FOR THE WELSH PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER

Edited and Published by
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Bangor Eisteddfod

THE National Eisteddfod of Wales commenced its good work in 1876. But it was not until the year 1890 that they had an Eisteddfod at Bangor, North Wales. The total expenses of this Eisteddfod were $17,000. It made a profit of $2,500. Twelve years later, in 1902, another Eisteddfod was held at Bangor, costing $22,500, and again this also showed a good profit of $3,665. Now again, twelve years later, 1914, in September of this year, Bangor will have another Eisteddfod, and the committee say it will cost $20,000. Of course they want money, and any money sent to the general secretary, T. R. Roberts, Bangor, North Wales, will be appreciated. The Eisteddfod will occupy the entire week, September 7th to 12th. Bangor is an ideal place to hold an Eisteddfod, and the one to be held there this year promises to be above the average. The National Eisteddfods of Wales are genuine Eisteddfods; not only are they singing festivals, but they give prizes for everything one could think about—the making of butter, needlework, paintings, writing of novels and plays, brass band contests, folk-lore singing, knitting, weaving, sight singing, handicraft in iron and copper. They are singing festivals and country fairs combined, minus the animal kingdom.

Cambrian Gleanings

VOL. 1 July, 1914 No. 7

A TRIP TO WALES—For ages I have urged on all whom I meet who intend visiting Europe to be sure to go to Wales, the beauty spot of the entire world. For many I have made up tours, places to visit, hotels to go to. The railroads in Wales are accommodating, and the tickets to tourists allow you to stop anywhere you have a mind to visit. You can go to out-of-the-way places by driving and motoring. A lady asked me the question about the food in Wales. I told her that she could get at any inn or hotel in Wales better food than was to be obtained in New York. I made out for her my favorite dinner when I visited Wales—ox-tail soup, salmon trout, duck and green peas, gooseberry pie in the deep dish, sparkling Moselle, Stilton cheese and coffee. This lady did go to Wales, and when at Capel Curig she was asked what she wanted for dinner. She thought of my dinner, and told the landlady what I had written down for her as a sample of a good Welsh dinner. It was served to her, too.

I recollect ordering this dinner about forty-five years ago at the Corbet Arms Hotel, Towyn, Merionethshire. I think the Thomases kept the place then. They said they had no salmon trout, but when they

saw I was disappointed they sent one of their sons out to see if he could get any. Fishing was good, so I had what I wished. Those days the Corbet Arms was a noted, much-frequented hotel. Travellers delighted to go there when they were wet to the skin. Mrs. Thomas insisted on you going to bed while your clothes were drying, and Mrs. Thomas would bring you a basin of her special make of gruel, and if you were exceptionally good, and a favorite, Mr. Thomas would give you some of that very, very old port wine he had in his cellar. The inns and hotels of Wales are worth living for, and they are as good to-day as they were in the good old days.

Wales is a country worth booming, and many papers in the United States boom it up in good style, too; more so than papers published in the interest of the Welsh have done. The Welsh people in America boom Wales among the Welsh people only. They think that if they have a good thing they may as well keep it to themselves. The *Evening Post,* New York, on May 6th last, devoted sixteen pages of its issue to telling the people of America about the wonders of Wales and Europe, what it would cost, where to go, what to see, and how to enjoy yourself, the distances from place to place, with a chronology of happenings in Europe this summer. Miss King wrote about Wales, and it is good, too, and worth reproducing and keeping for all time. And I would suggest that the Welsh people the world over boom

Wales all they can. The Americans want to go to good places. Advertise Wales all you can and make Wales the American's Paradise. This is what Miss King says of Wales:

"There is a mistaken idea that places worth while visiting must be fairly out of reach. The Englishman who came to see our country landed in New York and planned his first stop at Niagara Falls, thence to Toronto, from which flying trip he formed his idea of life in the 'States.' He overlooked the beautiful Hudson and the typical shore life on the Atlantic coast, where with due deliberation a truer conception and enjoyment of American life could have been obtained. However, it works both ways. Americans landing at Liverpool have the reputation of rushing with the crowd, becoming familiar with little else than transportation facilities and the distorted view from car windows.

"This isn't necessary in the least. One need not rush from the steamer to some far-off place. Right near at hand, for example, is the comparatively little-travelled country of Wales. It furnishes what many of the more frequented but less accessible places cannot afford, exquisite natural beauty; the sea, the mountains, waterfalls, glens, enchanting passes, and winding and tumbling streams. Besides, getting about and living expenses are reasonable; one could spend a rare month in Wales for $100. Here are unlimited opportunities for recreation and rest, together with the enjoyment of sojourning amid surroundings not only beautiful in

themselves, but surpassingly interesting in their connection with history, literature and art.

"Kings have been born in Carnarvon Castle, built by Edward II.; Wordsworth's 'We are Seven' relates to a tomb in Conway churchyard; Washington Irving described 'The Vale of Gresford,' about seven miles from Chester, in his sketch, 'The Angler'; Elihu Yale, founder of Yale University, is buried in Wrexham churchyard; William Penn preached in the Quaker Meeting House in Chester; 'Alice in Wonderland' was written at Llandudno, in the residence of the Dean of Christchurch.

"The traveller who remembers that the Englishman in his suite in the American hotel did not give himself the pleasure of becoming familiar with crumbly New England crullers will select one of the Welsh farmhouses for his stay, where there is apt to be an abundance of the delicious fruits and vegetables grown in Wales. Welshmen are noted for their dairy products. Clotted cream with strawberries, real Cheshire cheese, and Welsh mutton is every-day food to the Welsh farmer. The mutton raised on the hills is small and exceedingly tender; a joint is sometimes small enough for a single person.

"The Welshmen are music lovers. In Bangor, North Wales, the annual music festival, the Eisteddfod, will be held in September. This famous gathering of the choirs of Wales is a custom which originated with the Druids and is attended by from twelve to fifteen thousand people. It consists of

the rendition of noted musical works and contests by the different choirs for prizes; also other competition, such, for instance, as being called upon for extemporaneous speeches upon random subjects; prizes being offered for intelligent handling. Several years ago the Welshmen in America sent their own choir to take part in the Eisteddfod.

"At Colwyn Bay and Old Colwyn, in North Wales, there is the tonic effect of the sea air with the repose of a quiet Welsh village. The beautiful Pwllycrochan woods stretch the whole length of the town. For fishermen and sea lovers there are rowing boats and yachts for hire for two or three shillings an hour, according to the kind of sailing boats and attendants. In the woods of North Wales grow ferns of all kinds, including the dainty maidenhair and occasionally the wild lily of the valley. Wild fuchsias are commonly used for hedges. At Llandudno, a little farther down the coast, are golf links, and drives affording a sea view for miles. From Llandudno, as a centre, coaching trips are a satisfying way to see the beauty of the country; crossing bridges over fairy falls, through stately woods, and under trees which reach down far enough to brush away cobwebs of memory from the traveller's head.

"The coaching trips are inexpensive; a whole day four-in-hand tour from Llandudno to the enchanting Bettws-y-Coed, a distance of forty-two miles, costs only six shillings. A trip of one hundred miles around the Snowdon Mountain by

motor coach is 16*s.* 6*d.*; or a journey through the famous pass of Llanberis, stopping for a trip up Snowdon by the mountain railway, seventy-six miles in all, costs 12*s.* 6*d.* About eleven miles from Llandudno, on the banks of the river Conway, is the little village of Trefriw, where the whole district on both sides of the river is diversified with mountains, lakes, waterfalls and streams.

"SUCH A PLACE FOR PAINTERS!

"Painters discovered Bettws-y-Coed with its Swallow Falls and Fairy Glen, where the stream seems to have settled down in the rarest spot Nature could devise, among overhanging boulders and caves with their burden of clinging green, and the whole shut in by curtains of century-old trees. The absorbing beauty of Bettws-y-Coed, which, translated, means 'Between hill and vale in the wood,' has brought an interesting colony of artists. 'In olde dayes of the Kyng Arthour, Al was this lond fulfilled of fayrie,' according to Chaucer. There is excellent opportunity for the angler in the lakes and streams, trout and salmon being the principal catch. By applying to the fishing association one may secure daily, weekly or monthly licenses. Penmaenmawr Mountain, not far distant, is said to have been the favorite Welsh resort of Gladstone.

"It is not generally realized that North Wales offers inducement to mountain climbers. Some of the ascents are gentle and gradual and others are difficult, requiring skill and resource, as there are

slippery rocks, abysses opening without warning, and sudden mists which obscure traces of the path.

"At Bangor, Carnarvon, Chester and Colwyn Bay are courses upon which the golfer may play at rates of between one and two shillings a day. Some of them are situated on the headlands facing the sea.

"To the southward is Llandrindod Wells, one of the curative mineral springs for which Central Wales is famous. The country round about, with its chalybeate and saline springs, ranges from the sea level to nearly 2,000 feet, and has wide stretches of moorland heath and rich lowlands. These springs have the reputation of being of medicinal value."

WHITE CATTLE IN WALES—The *Archæologia* for 1896 has an article on "Breeds of Cattle in the British Isles," by T. McKenny Hughes. He mentions that the Bison, or so-called Buffalo of North America, was the first of the ox tribe associated in Britain with the remains of man. White sacrificial bulls must have been imported into Britain by the Romans. White cattle were, at all times, considered of more value than other colors, and Mr. Hughes says:

In the Middle Ages we read of their being able to hand over pretty large herds of white cattle on demand. In the laws of Hywel Dda, A.D. 940, it is ordered that white cattle with red ears should be paid to the Prince of Wales, and one of them de-

manded, on one occasion, 100 white or 150 black cattle, which shows the greater value attached to the white.

Maud de Brecon sent to King John 400 cows and one (?) bull, all white, with red ears, to appease his wrath. These, of course, were all domestic cattle, for it was difficult enough to send tame beasts out of Breconshire to England in those days, but would have been quite impossible to send wild cattle. I remember relations of my own, who were disappointed of their Christmas beef because the bullock which was to have supplied it had escaped up into the mountains. Such runaway cattle would, in old times, with woodland to hide in, have easily reverted to "feral" conditions.

The story of Twm Sion Catti and the white ox carries this regard for the color down to much later times. Twm Sion Catti was born in 1590. A pair of oxen were ploughing together; one was black and the other was white. Twm wanted to steal the white ox, so he drew the boy away from his charge by letting out a wired hare in front of his corgi, and, as the dog was gaining on the hare, the boy could not resist the temptation and followed, looking back, from time to time, to see that the white ox, at any rate, was safe. Twm, watching his opportunity, threw a sheet over the black ox and drove the white ox away. The point in the story to which I wish to call attention is the greater value attached to the white ox by the plough-boy and by Twm Sion Catti.

Such being the case, it was probable that white cattle would be selected and kept together in enclosures, in order to have a supply ready when required. There would be thus induced a tendency to fixity of character, and, as these cattle had a higher value, the invaders would not destroy them or turn them out. So that ancient enclosures with white cattle would be kept up.

SCIENCE AND WELSH—It was long a reproach to Wales that she did not produce her fair quota of scientific men. Some names of great eminence could be mentioned, of course, but the total was insignificant as compared with the number of Welshmen who had achieved distinction in other directions. Of late years this stigma has shown gratifying signs of disappearance, and brilliant stars of Welsh origin are making a more and more frequent appearance in the galaxy of science, both theoretic and applied. The contention has always been that the Welsh mind has not the scientific as opposed to the metaphysical, religious and romantic bent; and there is a great deal of truth in this. For one Welshman who takes a marked interest in science there are a dozen who are taken up with literature and the cultivation of the muses. Whether as a cause or as a result of this, the number of scientific books in the Welsh language is singularly inadequate. Such of these works as are classic are, for the most part, mere translations or adaptations from existing English works. The

scientific writer who ventures to appeal to the Welshman through the medium of his own language counts the cost before he sets out upon his task; and the Welsh reader who wants science, and especially popular science, does not think for a moment of Welsh books, but goes straight to English ones. We are told, too, that the genius of the Welsh language does not permit of an easy assimilation of scientific or technical terms.

It has been left to a Welsh professor at Auckland, New Zealand, to take his courage in both hands and publish a popular book of really up-to-date science, a book in which radium, the Röntgen rays and so forth take their proper place. In accomplishing this task Dr. Gwilym Owen has, of course, been faced by the problem just mentioned —how to set forth scientific nomenclature in a Welsh garb. In this he has been, on the whole, successful, and perhaps his example will inspire others to follow in the same line. A thorough scientific awakening is greatly needed among the masses in Wales. It would broaden their view and remove many misapprehensions. Scientific institutions are not nearly so plentiful or so flourishing amongst us as they ought to be, and such scientific societies as exist are as often as not pioneered by Englishmen or Scotsmen. From time to time the establishment of a Royal Society of Wales has been mooted, but it will not be brought about until there has been a much deeper and more general awakening than is the case at present. How far the Eis-

teddfod is doing what it might toward the fostering of a love of science is an open question. The national colleges and higher schools are, of course, doing a good deal, and here and there are pioneers at work who are making their influence felt. But even to-day, especially in the more purely Welsh parts, it will be found that science is too often shelved in favor of studies of smaller importance. Every true lover of Wales, therefore, must wish that science may become more and more a subject of popular study, and that the vernacular may be made a vehicle for the promulgation of scientific thought and information to a far greater degree than is the case at present.—*Editorial in the Western Mail.*

WELSH MUSICIANS OF SCRANTON—David E. Jones, of Taylor, Pennsylvania, in the May 23, 1907, issue of *The Druid,* wrote an article of value on the "Welsh Musicians of Scranton." It was worthy of preservation, so I mounted and bound same in a volume to hand down to posterity.

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN COMING OF AGE—The second Sir Watkin attained his majority April 19, 1770, and it was celebrated the same day at Wynnstay Park, North Wales, by a banquet, given to fifteen thousand people, who were dined at the same time. Three coaches full of cooks were sent from London to prepare the

dinner. The following is a list of the articles consumed at that notable day's feast:

30 Bullocks
1 Bullock, Roasted Whole
50 Hogs
50 Calves
80 Sheep
18 Lambs
70 Pies
51 Guinea Fowls
37 Turkeys
12 Turkey Poults
64 Capons
25 Pea Fowls
300 Chickens
360 Fowls
96 Ducklings
48 Rabbits
15 Snipes
1 Leveret
5 Bucks
421 Pounds of Salmon
30 Brace of Tench
40 Brace of Carp
36 Pike
60 Dozens of Trout
108 Flounders
109 Lobsters
96 Crabs
10 Quarts of Shrimps
200 Grayfish
60 Barrels of Pickled Oysters
1 Hogshead of Rock Oysters
20 Quarts of Sauce for Oysters
166 Hams
100 Tongues
125 Plum Puddings
60 Raised Pies
108 Apple Pies
104 Pork Pies
30 Beef Pies
34 Rice Puddings
7 Venison Pies
80 Tarts
30 Pieces Cutt Pastry
24 Pound Cakes
60 Savoy Cakes
30 Sweetmeat Cakes
12 Backs of Bacon
144 Ice-creams
18,000 Eggs
150 Gallons of Milk
60 Quarts of Cream
30 Bushels of Potatoes
6,000 Asparagus
200 Kidney Beans
3 Dishes Green Peas
12 Cucumbers
70 Hogsheads of Ale
120 Dozens of Wine

There was a great quantity of brandy, rum and shrub.

Salt butter cost £36, besides fresh butter.

Rockwood, shapes, landscapes, jelly, blanc mange, etc., etc.

A great quantity of small pastry.

One cask of ale that contained 26 hogsheads.

—*Wynnstay and the Wynns.*

DISESTABLISHMENT IN WALES, 1834—At an Annual Association of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists held at Bala on June 11, 1834, the following recommendation was submitted:

"Proposed by Mr. John Elias, Anglesey, and seconded by Mr. William Morris, Pembrokeshire, and unanimously agreed to by 500 preachers and elders then present from various parts of the Principality, 'that we deeply lament the nature of an agitation which is so prevalent in this kingdom, and which avowedly has for its object the severing of the National Church from the State and other changes in ecclesiastical affairs. We, therefore, are of opinion that it pertains not unto us to interfere in such matters, and we strenuously enjoin every member of our connexion to meddle not with them that are given to change, but, on the contrary, to pray for the King and all in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all goodness and honesty.'—John Jones, Tremadoc, Moderator."

The words of the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, on the subject are well known: "We do not," he said, "designedly dissent or look upon ourselves as Dissenters from the Established Church. In doc-

trine we exactly agree with the Articles of the Church of England. We highly approve of her excellent liturgy, and preach no other doctrine. Making a sect or forming a party is not the object we are aiming at. God forbid! Hitherto, as a body, our eye has been single to this point of highest importance and salvation of immortal souls."

The Rev. Thomas Charles died October 5, 1814, one hundred years ago next October. Charles was the founder of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists in 1811.

MADOC—Every now and again up pops somebody claiming that America was discovered by Madoc three hundred years before Columbus. A big lot of stuff has been written about Madoc and his discovery. Those that have investigated the subject do not believe in it, and those who have not investigated say it is true. Curtis, in his "North American Indian," says that there is nothing to prove that any of the Indians are Welsh. Some accounts say that "they were captured by Indians, and the Indians understood Welsh and liberated them." I have also read that Morgan Jones preached Welsh three times a week to the Indians and they understood. Again I have read that not only could the Indians talk Welsh, but they had a Welsh Bible. The first Bible was printed in 1588. Madoc discovered America in 1170(?) Madoc may also have discovered printing and printed the first book ever printed—and that a Bible in Welsh!

SIR JOHN RHYS, THE WELSH HUMORIST—Sir John is known as the principal of Jesus College, an antiquarian, a destroyer of old Welsh legends, a folk-lorist, archæologist, mythologist, philologist, ethnologist, and many other *ists*. Sir John visited the United States in 1902 and 1907. Of his later visit he published in newspapers a racy talk, the result of which entitles him to the added profession of humorist. Possibly he has a chair of humor in his college. If so, he should tack on to his numerous degrees Professor of Humor in Jesus College, Oxford. The Cardiff *Weekly Mail* contains two splendid columns of humor, many of the items often used in other papers, the source never credited. I wonder if Sir John is the editor of these humorous columns? If not, I am disappointed. It is a good thing to be a humorist; those who can make people laugh are the ones that make the world a habitable place. The vaudeville stage pays large salaries to good humorists—more than a college principal or professor can earn.

LLOYD GEORGE has been telling some stories bearing on his own unpopularity with his political opponents. One of them is about a man who was presented with a testimonial for saving some one from drowning. The hero modestly deprecated the praises showered upon him.

"Really, I have done very little to deserve this reward," he said. "I saw the man struggling in the water, and as no one else was by I knew he would

be drowned if I didn't save him. So I jumped in, swam out to him, turned him over to make sure that he wasn't Lloyd George, and then pulled him out."

A TOAST TO LLOYD GEORGE

Drink to me only with thy tongue,
And I will lick with mine;
Or leave a kiss upon the card,
And I will pay the fine.
The thirst that from these stamps doth rise
Demands a drink divine;
But might I sip Ll—— G——'s gore,
I would not ask for wine.

—*From London Truth.*

EUGENE ARAM—Born in Yorkshire, 1704, executed for murder in 1759, and his body hung in chains until it rotted away. Aram was a self-taught scholar and was well versed in heraldry and botany. He was a noted philologist, and could teach in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Arabic and the Celtic languages. One of the few books he had to study whilst in prison was a Welsh dictionary. Aram's distinction is to have lighted upon a truth of the greatest moment, unrecognized in his day by any scholar—the affinity of the Celtic to the other European languages. He had been anticipated by Edward Lloyd and others, but their observations had been disregarded.

Bernard Shaw on the Drama in Wales

IF Wales thinks that a national theatre will be a place where her praises will be sounded continually, where the male villain will be an Englishman of the Church of England and the female villain a French spy or a bishop's wife, whilst the hero (being a Welshman) will be insufferably noble, and the heroine (being a Welshwoman) too good for this earth, Wales will be disappointed.

It is Mr. Bernard Shaw who says so. The eminent critic and playwright contributes a typically interesting article to the *Daily Post* (Swansea) voicing his opinions about the proposed Welsh national theatre.

The article is timely, coming as it does a few days before the visit of Lord Howard de Walden's company of Welsh players to Swansea.

"Everything that is narrow and ignorant and ridiculous and dishonest in Wales," Mr. Shaw proceeds, "will be castigated ruthlessly by the Welsh national theatre, and the process will not be popular with the narrow, the ignorant, the bigoted, and the ridiculous. Over the border nobody cares enough about Wales (why should they?) to tell her the truth about herself—to rub into her conscience the glaring faults of her striking qualities."

It is here the writer reflects that the theatre will not be a place for the ebullition of national sentiment, and adds:

"If it be really true that Wales is in so benighted a condition that ministers are still to be found there who not only do not go to the theatre, but try to prevent other people from going, forgetting that a theatre is a place where two or three are gathered together, and that God fulfils Himself in many ways without consulting the local clergy, I venture to remind these walkers in darkness that if they strangle the Welsh theatre in its cradle they will have, not a country without a theatre, but a country delivered over wholly to the crude cinematograph melodramas of the American and Italian film makers and to musical comedies on tour from London."

Wales is a country worth booming in America; many people in America want to go to a good healthy and quiet place. Wales is an ideal resting place. Advertise your town and its attractions. The hotels of Wales if they advertised in America, would do well and make money

WELSH ANTIQUARIAN COLUMNS

AUGUST, 1914

CAMBRIAN GLEANINGS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE ON WELSH MATTERS
FOR THE WELSH PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER

Edited and Published by
HENRY BLACKWELL
University Place and Tenth Street, New York

Subscription 50 cents yearly - - Single copies 5 cents
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THE Bard of the household receives from the household a steer out of every spoil, at the capture of which he shall be present; and likewise, one man's share, like every other one of the household; if there be fighting, he, on his part, is to sing the "Sovereignty of Britain" at their head

Laws of Howel Dda
Died 950

Cambrian Gleanings

VOL. 1 August, 1914 No. 8

WELSH ANTIQUARIAN COLUMNS—It has often been a wonder to me why the *Drych* and the *Druid,* the two papers published in the interest of the Welsh people of the United States, have never had a column devoted to Welsh antiquarianism in America. They are columns of importance and give records of things not easily gathered. Talfyrdd, in his antiquarian column in the *Myrthyr Express,* does remarkably good work in collecting and preserving odds and ends, ancient and modern, of items pertaining to Myrthyr. By Gones column in the *Oswestry Advertiser,* commenced in 1871, and continued to date, is noteworthy. This column, with other news, is published in a separate issue quarterly. Blest be the one that has this set. One hundred copies of the earlier volumes were issued. This is a work that is prized more than gold. The owners of complete sets of *Bye Gones* should be written in gold and issued in the magazine at the completion of the fiftieth year in 1920. The late assiduous worker, Edwin Poole, of Brecon, South Wales, published in his *Brecon County Times* a column called *Old Brecknock*

Chips. This was published in two volumes—1886-1888. Of the first volume ten copies only were printed. This was a column of interest devoted to Breconshire. Mr. Poole also published a magazine, *Old Welsh Chips,* in 1888. The total issue was 250 copies. One hundred of these came to America, and think that Mr. Poole could not get 150 subscribers to take his magazine; naturally this was all that was published. This magazine had a splendid "Notes and Queries" division. Arthur Mee, a noted astronomer of Llanelly, South Wales, conducted an antiquarian column on Caermarthenshire in the *South Wales Press.* This was republished in book form, 1889-1891. This was well done and had to be discontinued.

The *Pembrokeshire County Guardian* have a good column which they call "The Pembrokeshire Antiquary," and it is doing unusually good work. The *Red Dragon,* published by the *Western Mail,* of Cardiff, an excellent monthly magazine, 1882-1887, contained a splendid "Notes and Queries" department. The same publishers, shortly after the demise of the *Red Dragon,* published *Cymru Fu,* notes and queries relating to Wales. This appeared 1889-1891. It was well gotten up and contained valuable matter.

Wales, a Welsh monthly magazine, has good "Notes and Queries." This is edited by Owen M. Edwards, the man who does much good for Wales in his magazines and writings.

Other newspapers in Wales have had their antiquarian column, and possibly others in Wales at

the present time are doing the same. I would suggest that one paper in each county of Wales have a column devoted solely to the news of that particular county, and each year reprint same in book form.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE—*The Evening Mail* of New York evidently sent James Creelman to write up the "Ulster Situation." His articles in the *Mail* were spicy, but nothing to his papers on Lloyd George, whom he evidently interviewed. I should say that they are extra superfine spicy. *Lloyd George Seals Fate of British Aristocracy* is the heading of his paper. Mr. Creelman says that Lloyd George was born in the Welsh village of Elanystymdwy, possibly a new translation of Manchester. Anyhow, when Lloyd George gets through with the aristocracy of Great Britain they will all be receiving pensions from Lloyd George's fund. There is a terrible future in store for them. Before it is too late they had better turn their estates into chicken farms and raise eggs, for which there is a constant demand in America.

THE PERFIDIOUS WELSHMAN, written by Draig Glas and published in 1910, made a little bit of fuss on its appearance. It contains lots of truth and lots of nonsense. The littleness and narrowness of some Welsh people can be found in other nationalities, so why single out Wales more than any other country? The Welsh people are by no means the bad lot as pictured in this book; they

are cleanly, very religious, and law-abiding, and these qualities are missing in other nations' people. He speaks of the deceit of the Welsh selling bric-à-brac to tourists at more than they cost. If the purchasers, *who know everything,* get stuck they have only themselves to blame. He finds fault with the chapels and ministers and calls them social clubs of the hillside. Certainly the chapels are not handsome, and some ministers may not be educated, yet they do good, and I have never heard that they do harm. The "Sabbath" comes in for a lot of abuse. A quiet Sunday is a blessing, and it would be a mighty good thing if Sundays were as well observed in the other countries as they are in Wales. A day of rest once a week will never do harm. The chapter on "Disestablishment," right or wrong, gives the people something to think and talk about, and for that reason does good. "Heroes and History" of the Welsh do not please "Draig Glas." It is a poor thing for a country if they have no history or heroes. *The Welsh have a history and heroes too.* "Some Manners and Customs." This chapter is sheer rot. The ordinary homes of Wales I have never seen any fault with them, and they are places worthy of reverence to the end of time. The "Fairs and Funerals" of Wales; they do get a terrible drubbing. He seems to forget that these are the two principal amusements of Wales. How I did enjoy the Fairs, and so did all good Welsh people. But the funerals, that is, the return from the grave, how I did enjoy the feast, with the best

china, best tablecloth, best of food, and the best of gossip! The only fault I had was that people did not die quick enough. The chapters on Education, Art, Politics, and Land of Song—no good seen in these matter in Wales. And yet as regards education Wales is leading other nations; and art is not as bad as pictured, while Welsh politics are nation famed. And in song Wales manages somehow to have a reputation world-wide. We have some good poets, and good singers too. Take all in consideration Wales is a very good place to have lived in, and to have come from, and by no means a bad place to visit and go to as often as you can.

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY IN NORTH WALES —A stationer in Carnarvonshire, who was of a devout turn of mind, recently sought admission into the Calvinistic Methodist persuasion. On being instructed in the first instance by the minister of the chapel as to his duties, this divine installed into the neophyte's mind what he might and might not sell in the way of business, and among the anathematized were the Welsh newspapers *Gwalia* and *Llan* and our local contemporary, the *Liverpool Courier*.

What these journals have said or done wherein they have so sinned as to merit the wrath and condemnation of a Christian parson, a Calvinistic Methodist, is beyond our powers of comprehension; and certainly we should have just as much expected the good parson to instruct the newly-initiated as

to whom he should sell his goods to, and must allow none but Calvinistic Methodists to cross his door or tender their money for goods over the counter.

It is certainly astonishing that in this, the nineteenth century, we should find any dissenting minister of the Gospel so narrow-minded as to forbid the sale of such newspapers as we have mentioned, or that we should meet with any business man who would be ready to listen to such arrogance. These are the class of folks who cry out for disestablishment that they may have more freedom themselves —that they may domineer the more over their flocks and fellow-creatures. This is only an illustration as to how some people who ascend a pulpit would order others about, if they could.

Boycotting in Ireland is condemned, and perhaps none are more ready in this condemnation than the Calvinistic minister of the Gospel to whom we have referred, and yet he would boycott certain newspapers and sweep them off the face of the earth if he could only succeed.—*Liverpool Porcupine, 1888.*

WALES: HOW MADE—Wales divided into north, south, and central (or Powys Land) in the year 885. Statute of Wales enacted March 19, 1284. Monmouth made an English county. Counties of Brecknock, Denbigh and Radnor formed in 1535. Act for "laws and justice to be administered in Wales in same form as England" 1535. Wales incorporated into England by Parliament 1536. Divided into twelve counties 1543.

A WELSHMAN, who had given fifty dollars to the funds of an Eisteddfod, in telling another Welshman about his gift, said that "when he gave he did not want his left hand to know what his right hand had done." "Is that so," replied the other Welshman; "but you make sure that your mouth tells everybody."

ART IN WALES—An unusual pamphlet in Welsh, *Celf Yng Nghymru* (Art in Wales) was received the other day, written by T. Mathews, of Llandebie, reprinted from *Cymru*. It contains about twenty-four illustrations, reproductions of the work of Welsh artists in painting, sculpture and metal work. A painting by Christopher Williams, showing old men and boys, young and old women with babies, asleep in the park, entitled "Why?" Mr. Williams has handled his subject well. It is an apt title that in this age such a theme was necessary. Other Welsh artists show good work. "Capel Curig," by B. W. Leader, is remarkable for its beauty and accuracy. Mr. Leader's most beautiful pictures are Welsh subjects. When I was at the exhibit of the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art, at Plas Mawr, Conway, in 1911, Mr. Leader had a painting, "After the Storm," that I admired and the price was three thousand dollars. At the same exhibit J. Clinton Jones showed a grand painting of "The Castle at Conway," and the president of the Society, H. Clarence Whaite, showed an immense painting of Snowdon. There are people who say

that the Welsh people are not artistic. A visit to the annual exhibits of the Royal Cambrian Academy at Plas Mawr will show that there are artists among the Welsh who can hold their own against other nations.

Wales has produced painters, engravers and sculptors that are world-famous. An excellent work on the subject, covering the years 1527-1911, has been published by T. Mardy Rees. Some names are missing, but it is a creditable work. In recent years the Welsh are doing good work in the fine arts. The National Eisteddfod of Wales have much to do with this, as they offer worthy prizes for competition in works of art. They rightly consider that the Eisteddfod has other important duties than the singing for money prizes.

THOMAS PARRY, BISHOP OF BARBADOES—All biographies of him state that he was a native of Denbigshire, whereas he is a native of Flintshire. The following item, printed in 1843, may be of interest. Bishop Parry returned to England 1869, and died March 16, 1870:

"The Right Rev. Thomas Parry, D.D., the present Bishop of Barbadoes, is a native of Flintshire, North Wales. He was born in the town of Mold, in the year 1792, and his father was rector of Llanferres, Denbigshire, which is a parish about four miles distant from that town. He completed his education at Oriel College, Oxford, and afterward became fellow of Balliol. In looking over

the class list of 1816 we find his name as first in Mathematics, and second in Classics. He was appointed Archdeacon of Barbadoes, under Bishop Coleridge, and when this prelate left, and came over to England, Dr. Parry succeeded him as Vicar-General, until he was lately appointed Bishop to superintend part of this extensive diocese, which, as our readers are aware, has been by a recent act of parliament divided into three Bishoprics. A brother of Bishop Parry, John Humffreys Parry, was Editor of the *Cambro Briton,* a very talented publication that came out from the metropolis. Glad as we are to find one more of Cambria's sons promoted to the mitre, we cannot help regretting that his lot has fallen in the islands of the west and not amongst his own native mountains, where his labours might be as beneficial to his countrymen as those of Morgan and the other Parry."—*North Wales Chronicle,* 1843.

G. H. HUMPHREY AND MADOC—The St. David's Society of New York held their annual St. David's dinner in 1883. One of the toasts was *Madoc's discovery of America.* This was responded to by G. H. Humphrey, and from my own notes taken at the time Mr. Humphrey said: There were two sides to this toast—one that Madoc did not, and the other that he did, discover America. He himself was in doubt about its truth, and yet there was a possibility that there was some truth in the assertion. There was no doubt but what

Madoc had quarreled with his nineteen brothers, and that he and his followers sailed *somewhere*. He may have come to America at the time when the ocean was calm. The same as what it was in 1881, when he himself sailed to and from Europe. The ships at that period (1170) were large and able to carry two to three hundred people, and even now we know that very small boats cross the ocean in safety, and there was nothing to prevent Madoc doing the same.

Hakluyt favors the tradition. Bancroft, in his "History of the United States," has not a word to say about Madoc, or the tradition. Take it for granted that Madoc did come to America, we find that there is a certain proof in the supposition. The North American Indians are a better race of people than the African and Asiatic savages; they have an idea of a supreme being, and their language shows in many respects a similarity with the Welsh; and in appearance of hair and eyes there is a vast resemblance to the Welsh, and most important of all is their *cheek-bone,* which is decidedly Welsh.

REUEL WILLIAMS, AUGUSTA, MAINE—Born in Augusta, June 2, 1783, died in Augusta, July 25, 1862. He was one of twelve children and his father was a native of Wales. From poverty he advanced to prominence and wealth. He was a member of the House of Representatives of the State of Maine, also a State Senator. In 1837 he was elected to the United States Senate as a Demo-

crat. He opposed the Ashburton Treaty, which adjusted the northeastern boundary. He was one of the founders of the Maine Historical Society, and through his efforts the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, Independent Treasury Act, and the Government Hospital were enacted and became law. He was the principal promotor of the railroad between Portland and Augusta, Maine, and when this road was begun, in 1847, became its president, and the chief manager when it was completed, in 1851, for ten years. He was a lawyer of note, and Bowdoin College conferred on him the degree of LL.D. His son, Joseph Hartwell, was a noted lawyer, and his nephew, Seth, fought in the Civil War, and for gallant service throughout the war was made Major General.

KINMEL LIBRARY AND MSS.—The capture of the Kinmel MSS. is an event of some moment in the record of the Welsh National Library at Aberystwyth. It was, of course, a friendly and not a violent process that led up to it, but it involved a good deal of librarious diplomacy. The report handed in to the Court of Governors, as now issued, gives us an idea of the value of the collection, which runs to 131 volumes, besides a number of printed books that were not already on the library shelves. The manuscripts were brought together mainly, if not entirely, by the late Mr. H. R. Hughes, who purchased the collection of John Williams, of Beaumaris, and the collection of the

late Miss Angharad Llwyd, of Caerwys, and later of Tyn-y-Rhyl. To these he added a number of manuscripts from various sources, and it seems that his favorite subjects were heraldry and genealogy, but he took a keen interest in all that related to the history and topography of North Wales. The MSS. of Angharad Llwyd are comprised in 54 thick 4to and folio volumes, representing the life-work in collecting and copying of that most industrious lady, who appears to have commenced her work at the age of nineteen or twenty, and to have pursued it for nearly sixty years. She was able to bring together a considerable number of original documents, mainly relating to the counties of Flint and Denbigh, which but for her care of them would in many cases have been destroyed or lost. She also made copies or extracts from valuable MSS. in private collections, which are no longer accessible, and also from manuscripts at Peniarth and elsewhere.

As for the printed volumes in the list, they comprise a number of rare books privately printed, mostly issued in very limited editions, such as "The Welsh Traveller, or the Unfortunate Welshman," by Nathaniel Crouch, edited by J. O. Halliwell [Phillipps], London, for the Editor, 1860 (only thirty copies printed); "The Welsh Looking Glass, or Thoughts on the State of Religion in North Wales," by a person who travelled through that country in the year 1811 (London, 1812); and "A Minute Account of the People of Anglesey in the

Reign of James I." . . . from a MS. edited by J. O. Halliwell [Phillipps], London, for private circulation, 1860. Crown 8vo, pp. 57. Twenty-six copies printed. The following item, too, is of special interest, being the first independent atlas of the Principality:

"The Principality of Wales (Exactly described) In a compleat set of Maps of all its Countys Wherein are Expressed the chief roads and distances in each county with the names and limits of every Hundred; Being very usefull for Gentlemen and Travellers; Printed and sold by Thomas Taylor Map and Printseller at the Golden Lyon in Fleet Street."

These acquisitions give us an idea of the equipment, at once immense and minute, that is being given to the city of books, the Library-on-a-Hill, destined to become the goal of many a literary pilgrimage as time goes on. Happily now its good estate, thanks to the democratic shilling, is beyond reverse of fortune.—*Ernest Rhys, in The Manchester Guardian.*

ROBERT OWEN, THE WELSH SOCIALIST —Born in Newtown, North Wales, May 14, 1771, died at the same place, November 19, 1858. Noted as a social reformer, mill owner, author and lecturer, also in his latter days a believer in spiritualism. Bought 20,000 acres in Indiana to put in operation his idea of social workings. Three years' trial proved the scheme a failure. He was invited

by the government of Mexico to carry out his scheme there, but for reasons did not. The Cardiff Public Library has a good collection of books on or about Robert Owen, a bibliography of which appeared in the March, 1902, issue of their *Library Journal.*

Vassar College Library, Poughkeepsie, New York, has, I think, one of the best-known collections of Owen's writings and literature on and about him.

George B. Lockwood, in his *New Harmony Movement,* New York, 1905, has a 7-page bibliography of books by and about Owen, mentioning some one hundred and twenty titles.

Podmore's *Life of Robert Owen,* London, 1906; R. E. Davies' *Life of Robert Owen,* London, 1907; B. L. Hutchin's *Robert Owen, Social Reformer,* London, 1912. These three works contain bibliographies of Robert Owen's writings.

The Welsh Bibliographical Society has just issued "A Bibliography of Robert Owen, the Socialist," 1771-1858. Aberystwyth, 1914. This work contains 383 works on and by Robert Owen. It is well done and contains 54 pages.

In all the published bibliographies one book seems missing, and possibly it has items not known of Robert Owen, and gives insight to the home life of Robert Owen's sons and daughter—*"Divinely Led; Or, Robert Owen's Granddaughter,"* New York, 1887. It was written by Constance Owen Runcie, who was a granddaughter of Robert Owen. It states how she was converted to Christianity

when twenty-two years of age. The Owens, those days in New Harmony, knew no Bible or had any religion.

Robert Owen had three sons who were men of distinction—Robert Dale, an author of national importance; David Dale and Richard, both of whom were eminent geologists, and the results of their geological researches in many states of the United States were published and are authorities for all time.

ROBERT OWEN AND JOHN BELLERS—In the year 1695 John Bellers published *Proposals for Raising a College of Industry.* This pamphlet advocated the same views as Robert Owen. Owen printed 1,000 of this tract, and included it in the appendices to his Life which was published in two volumes, London, 1857.

RAILWAY IN WALES—The jubilee number of *The Railway Review,* which has just been published, contains an article on railway developments in South Wales by the General Manager of the Taff Vale Railway Co., Mr. A. Beasley, who claims that the Principality was the pioneer of the railway system. He refers to the railway, or "tramroad," "dramroad," or "stone road," which ran from Merthyr to a point on the Glamorganshire Canal immediately adjacent to the present Abercynon Station of the Taff Vale Railway, which was "doubtless constructed under the powers of the

Glamorganshire Canal Act of 1793. It was in February, 1804, that Mr. Trevethick's newly-invented steam engine hauled along the railway, or tramway, in question with ease, and at the rate of five miles an hour, a number of trams carrying ten tons of bar-iron and about seventy persons." From that time down to the present day Mr. Beasley describes most interestingly the South Wales railway developments, showing that since 1863 there had been an increase of about 130 per cent., or 700 miles, in actual route mileage of the railways by which the Cardiff docks are fed.—*Merthyr Express.*

General Daniel Morgan, whose parents were Welsh. In the fight against the British, October 7, 1777, in which the British army was wrecked, his services were eminent. It is said that when General Burgoyne was introduced to Morgan after the surrender at Saratoga, he seized him by the hand and exclaimed, "My dear sir, you command the finest regiment in the world."

DAVID MORGAN, YSBYTY—A movement is on foot in Wales and America to preserve the memory of this worthy man. He was the beginning of the Welsh revival of '59, and for two or three years he worked and preached incessantly. He did much good. Notwithstanding his wonderful work he went back into obscurity. Recent years gave us another Welsh revivalist, Evan Roberts. He, too, worked hard, and he, too, is now obscure.

SAVAGE violence is, the rendering property useless to the owner or to himself

FEROCIOUS men, if they deny their savage violence, their denial is twofold to that of theft

Laws of Howel Dda
Died 950

THERE are three universalities of a country: armament; pleas, and church; for everybody is under summons to them

Laws of Howel Dda
Died 950

WELSH MOVING PICTURES

SEPTEMBER, 1914

CAMBRIAN GLEANINGS

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THREE kinds of women are to be praised; a good woman, a lady, and a religious woman.

A good woman is praised for her wisdom, neatness, chastity, munificence, comeliness of face, form and figure, simplicity of speech and deeds, and good manners. And it is not proper to praise a good woman on account of her love and affection; a love song does not appertain to her.

A lady is praised on account of her face and figure, gentility, beauty, neatness, simplicity, laudable and genteel manners, love, elegance, kindness; and to her appertain love and affection.

A religious woman is praised in respect of her holiness, chastity and purity of life, and other good qualities.

EDEYRN DAVOD AUR
Flourished 1270

Cambrian Gleanings

VOL. 1 September, 1914 No. 9

WELSH MOVING-PICTURES—Wales is a delightful country; tourists say so, and they should know. The people of Wales are stay-at-homes; they have few amusements, and the bulk of them do not wander away from home. Now and again they go on excursions to near-by places, they attend chapel regularly and attend all the chapel meetings, they read theological books, theological newspapers and denominational magazines edited by ministers; attend little concerts, go to literary gatherings and Eisteddfodau, gossip, and possibly go to the village tap rooms to discuss matters of the day; attend fairs and funerals, and that is the sum total of Welsh amusements. Those that want to do things go to the big cities of England, emigrate to America, Africa, Australia and other countries, and they generally get to the top and do good wherever they are located.

Disestablishment in Wales is accomplished, and the perpetual motion talk, lectures and letters to papers in consequence is at an end. Wales now is moving; the people now want *amusement*. The drama in Wales has taken hold of the people, companies are forming, and all want to be play actors;

and in a little time the entire people of Wales will be players. They seem to have gone play mad. This in time will simmer down and result in giving Wales good plays and actors. Lloyd George and a Calvinistic Methodist minister together saw a Welsh play, and they said it was good, so the people naturally say it must be good, and the ministers in Wales can preach all they like now against the drama in Wales; it is useless saying anything against the drama. The *idol* of the Welsh people is for it and so it shall be.

This being the case, the ministers now turn against the *movies*. Here is a sample of what they say from a paper in Wales:

"'Cynog' on Cinema Companies

"Are they land sharks?

"The members of the Aberdare District Council came in for a measure of commendation from the Rev. Cynog Williams, the Aberdare pastor, on a recent Sunday at Heolyfelin Church, upon their attempt to protect school children from the 'demoralizing' effects of the cinemas, by the recent drastic by-law prohibiting the attendance of children at such places after nine o'clock at night. The Gadlys Picture Palace Company, said the reverend gentleman, provided sweets free to all the children who attended, and other inducements were being dangled before their childish eyes to get them to make it a habit to attend. 'This is a direct challenge to the

churches in the neighborhood,' he continued. 'Will they take it up?'

"'These cinema companies are greedy land sharks that prowl the country for personal profit, and they have but little consideration for the moral welfare of the people.

"'Children must be taught manners and morals somewhere else beside in the cinema and the music-hall; else we shall rear a generation of hooligans in our midst.' He felt thankful that the public conscience was awakening to the realization of the great evil of the curse of impurity. He appealed to the young men to lead a pure life and to cultivate self-control. Every young man should lead a life of purity, not merely for the sake of others, but also for his own, or he would reap a terrible harvest. 'Sow your wild oats if you will, but remember that whatever you sow you shall also reap.'"

Just think! The *movies* in South Wales giving candy free to the children. Fancy doing that in America! Would they not be popular? This candy giving in Wales seems to be popular, because when I attended a tuberculosis meeting in Carmarthen in 1911, cigars were given to the men and chocolates to the women. It is useless fighting against the *movies;* they are here to stay. If you want to fight, fight for good pictures, the same as we do in America. Anyhow, there are not many bad movie plays. I suppose I have seen a few thousand motion plays and never a bad one yet. When a minister fights against *movies* it shows that he

does not know what he talks about. They are a power for good, and that's why they are successful. They depict actual life, scenery and events. Place a movie house next door to an ale house and they generally close it; that is why saloons and politicians work against *movies*. Take a working man with an unattractive home, who nightly spend his time at his club—"an ale house." His children pester him to go to the *movies;* finally he falls to the children; he goes, taking the children with him; he likes it; he goes home sober, at a less cost; no wife-beating that night; he goes to bed early; gets up feeling grand the following morning. He goes to the *movies* again; no coaxing from the children; he gets the *movie* habit, avoids the saloon, makes his home more attractive, the wife and children better kept, and, who knows, goes to church on Sunday—all this because he has the *movie* habit. Is not this worth something good, and worthy the praise, instead of abuse, from ministers? *Movies,* again, are so restful. You have to meet someone; they are away for a little time, go to the *movies,* wait, rest, and be educated, and then fill your engagement. Public schools, factories and churches in America are having them, because they see their wondrous possibilities.

I hope that next time I go to Wales there will be a "movie house" in every village and hamlet. I will be a good attendant, and then the people of Wales will have a grand amusement, and life will not be so lonely, and they will see an actual living

world at their very doors. Is not this worth something?

Not long ago I gave the Welsh people of New York a colored *movie* trip to North Wales, also the investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle, and behind the screens I had a Welsh choir singing Welsh songs. It did good and it was appreciated. I would suggest that a company be formed in Wales to make Welsh films; it would be a grand paying venture. There are many subjects in Wales for good films that would be attractive and draw big crowds. I would suggest films that would take with the Welsh people and others the world over: "Rhys Lewis"; "The Maid of Cefn Ydfa"; "Gelert and His Dog"; "Life of Lloyd George"; "Trip to top of Snowdon"; "Castles of Wales"; "A Trip through North Wales"; also one of "South Wales"; "Holyhead Lighthouse and its Sea Gulls"; "Life of Owen Glyndwr"; "The Colleges of Wales"; "Devil's Bridge and its Legend"; "Tournament at Carew Castle"; "Plas Mawr and Queen Elizabeth"; "Slate Quarries of Wales and the Making of Slates"; "Tin Making in South Wales"; "Coal Mining"; "Madoc Discovering America"; "National Eisteddfod of Wales and Surroundings"; "Life of St. David"; "Richard II. Captured at Flint Castle"; "King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table"; "Menai Straits and its Bridges"; "Welsh Bidding"; "Wynnstay and Park and Sir Watkin Wynn"; "Romans invading Britain"; "Stonehenge in the Old Druidical Days"; "Queen Boadicea";

"King Cadwaladr." Lots of films could be made of the ancient kings, warriors and chieftains of Wales. Interesting films could be made out of the old castles, monasteries, abbeys, cathedrals and mansions of Wales. Love stories of all descriptions could be made into countless films. There is an endless variety of good films that could be made out of old Welsh customs. Let the world know what kind of a place Wales is; what it has done in making history; how delightful a place it is to visit. And don't forget to boom Wales all you can.

REV. JAMES POWELL, D.D.—Born in Newton, County Down, Ireland, December 25, 1842. Died in New York, December 27, 1887. Mr. Powell's mother was a North of Ireland woman; his father a native of South Wales. Early in childhood the family removed from Ireland to Wales, living in Carmarthen and Llanelly. The *American Missionary* gives Mr. Powell's birthplace as Wales, but this is an error. Mr. Powell came to America when thirteen years old. He was educated and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1866, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1869. He was installed as pastor of the church at Newburyport, Maine, in November, 1869, his only pastorate, and remained there till February, 1873. He then became associated with the American Missionary Association, filling many offices, finally being elected corresponding secretary of the Association, which office he held to his death, in 1887.

Mr. Powell was an orator of high degree. He was a noted missionary worker and organizer, and had considerable to do in making the Association a success. He wrote much to the *American Missionary,* of which he was editor from February, 1885, to December, 1887. He wrote no books or published any sermons. A few of his lectures on missionary work were published. He left a widow, Ella J. Powell, and a brother, Samuel N. Powell, in Llanelly.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—The other day it was my good fortune to secure a book written by John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States. The title of the book is "Dermot MacMorrogh, or the Conquest of Ireland," an historical tale of the twelfth century, in four cantos, by John Quincy Adams, Boston, Carter, Hendee & Co., 1832; 8vo, 108 pp.

The dedication and preface is addressed "to my countrymen and readers." This gives a synopsis of the conquest of Ireland by Henry II., as written by Giraldus Cambrensis, who attended Prince John, son of Henry, into Ireland.

The book is interesting as showing that not only did a Welshman chronicle the conquest of Ireland, but also that another Welshman, Robert Fitzstephen, was one of the conquerors of Ireland. Fitzstephen was the son of Stephen, constable of Abertivi (Cardigan), and of Nesta, daughter of Rhys ab Tewdwr, king of South Wales. After the

conquest of Ireland, Fitzstephen was one of its rulers, and he seems to have reigned in peace at Cork for five years. Giraldus describes Fitzstephen as, by turns, the luckiest and most wretched of men. He died about 1183.

Here are two of the verses as written by Mr. Adams, narrating Dermot McMorrogh going to Wales for assistance to enable him to have Ireland to himself:

Nor was the summons of the chieftain in vain;
For bold adventures were not wanting there;
And near the borders of the Welsh domain
Dwelt Richard Strongbow, of the house of Clare:
A man who of retainers kept a train,
Addicted more to pillage than to prayer;
Himself of morals, reprobate and base;
And at the monarch's court in deep disgrace.

And far in Wales, on lofty Snowdon's side;
And in a fastness of Plinlimmon fam'd,
Two base-born sons of Nesta did reside—
Fitzstephen one, and one Fitzgerald nam'd;
Men who the laws of God and man defied;
Of fortunes ruins, of lives unreclaim'd—
With troops of followers like themselves renown'd,
What fitter men for Dermot could be found?

Mr. Adams also says you may read in Rapin the brief itself. And with sacrilegious abuse of religion, Henry, reeking with the blood of Becket and Dermot, the ruffian builder of monasteries, achieved

the conquest of Ireland, in vassalage to the crown of England. And this is the tenure by which Ireland is held as an appendage to the sister island at the present day.

URICONIUM, A WELSH ROMAN CITY: HOW IT WAS LAID OUT AND THRIVED—The tiny village of Wroxeter is at once the neighbor and the forerunner of Shrewsbury. Both places lie by Severnside, not far from the point where the Welsh hills stop and the great river passes out into the English plain. North and east of them spread the lowlands; south and west and northwest of them long lines of shadowy hills and deep, dark valleys stand against the horizon; they are dwelling places in the plains, but they look into the gates of Wales, and geography has given to both of them, in different ages, the same history. Shrewsbury began in very early English days as a border stronghold; later, it became what it is to-day—a peaceful city full of trade and industry. Seven or eight centuries before the birth of Shrewsbury the Roman Wroxeter began (as it seems) as a military post, facing the front door of Wales.

Then, as the Roman conquest progressed, the hills grew quiet, and it became the country town of the canton of the Cornovii, under the name of Viroconium Cornoviorum. Its history, did we but know it better, would reveal a part of the strategy by which Rome conquered Britain, and still more of the policy by which she then civilized it, built towns

up and down it, and in the main assimilated an alien people. It would also, as chance has it, illuminate that obscure and unrecorded process by which Celtic Britain became England.

The discoveries made in 1912 were only a beginning. The spot chosen to explore, though near the centre of the Romano-British town, proved to have been built over only in part, the rest being yards or gardens, and the buildings on it were ill-preserved. The spade revealed the line of a main street running north and south, and plainly used through many long years; the excavators rather unfortunately christened it Watling Street, although that runs east and west, and if they had wanted a name for a north and south street, the mediæval "Bot Street" lay ready to their hand. On the west side of this street was a row of five or six shops with a colonnade in front and dwelling houses behind built of plaster and timber work, like many houses in Shropshire to-day.

But perhaps the most important result reached in 1912 was won without the use of the spade. The excavators were able to trace marks of streets in the growing crops, and thus obtained a clue to the plan of the town. It was laid out on the approved Roman pattern of square or oblong blocks—the very fashion which, magnified many times, has dictated the outline of countless American cities. In short, Viroconium was a properly civilized town. Therefore there is good hope that the excavations will reveal really valuable results.—*London Times.*

EVAN JONES AND THE CHEROKEE INDIANS—On June 30th last the Cherokee Indians as a tribe were dissolved and became American citizens to the number of 41,798. Through intermarriages and other causes it is said that a full-blooded Cherokee does not exist to-day. The Cherokees were the last of the five civilized tribes who signed a treaty with the United States Government agreeing to the dissolving of the tribe and the distribution of their land. The Cherokees have a history of greatness, and they first came into contact with the white people in 1540, at the time of De Soto's expedition. Much later they were located in what is now known as Tennessee and Alabama, and at that time they were prosperous agriculturists.

In 1759-60 they were at war with the English, but during the Revolution they fought with the British army. The result caused many of the tribe to migrate across the Mississippi. In 1838 they were forced to move to their present home in Northeastern Oklahoma, Tahlequah becoming their tribal capital.

The Cherokees have a syllabic alphabet of eighty-five characters, invented by George Guess, or Sequoyah, about 1809, and adopted by the tribe in 1821. Tahlequah became an educational centre, and much literature was issued in the Cherokee language. Missionaries of all denominations settled among the Cherokees and did much good. In 1821 the Great Valley Baptist Church, the second oldest in Pennsylvania, sent Thomas Roberts and Evan

Jones as missionaries to the Cherokee Indians in Tennessee.

Thomas Roberts was born in Wales on June 12, 1783; came to America in 1803; was baptized in the East River, New York, March 8, 1807. In 1814 he became pastor of the Great Valley Baptist Church to the year 1821, when he went as missionary to the Cherokee Indians. He acted as such to 1825, when he returned to New Jersey. He had churches in New York and Pennsylvania, ending his days at Middletown, Monmouth County, New Jersey, September 24, 1865, at the age of eighty-two. After his death, a volume of his sermons were published in 1867.

Evan Jones was born in Brecknockshire in May, 1789. He was a merchant in London for thirteen years. The date of his arrival in America is unknown. He was connected with the Great Valley Baptist Church to the year 1821, when he was appointed missionary to the Cherokee Indians. For several years before the removal of the Cherokees from North Carolina Mr. Jones labored with great success among them, establishing churches and schools, and proving that some of the Indian tribes of this country can be civilized and Christianized. In 1838, in carrying out the treaty of New Echota, the Cherokees were removed to what was known as the Western Territory, and Mr. Jones followed his flock to their new home, and in two years after their removal 130 persons were baptized and a new church formed. Mr. Jones's connection with the

Cherokees covered a period of fifty years. He died at Tahlequah, August 18, 1873, at the age of eighty-three. Whilst among the Cherokees Mr. Jones published two books: "*Cherokee Messenger.* Tsalagi Atsinvsidv. Twelve numbers only issued. August, 1844, to May, 1846. Edited by Evan Jones. Tahlequah: Cherokee Baptist Mission Press, 1844-46." Octavo, 192 pp. Also, "*Epistle of Paul, the Apostle to the Ephesians.* Translated into Cherokee by Evan Jones and John B. Jones. Gucla Atsinvsidv Etlusi Anehi Widuwowelanelvhi. Tahlequah: Cherokee Baptist Mission Press, 1848." 24mo, 24 pp.

Possibly this John B. Jones who assisted Evan Jones in this latter work is of Welsh extraction and the author of many books on Western themes, who was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1801.

CHARLES ASHTON, WELSH BIBLIOGRAPHER—A man who did things, and yet the Dictionary of National Biography says nothing of him. Born in North Wales September 4, 1848; died by his own hand October 13, 1899. He worked in lead mines, was a railroad porter, and also a police constable. He did good work on Welsh bibliography in his spare moments. He wrote only in Welsh, and, unfortunately, he will only be Wales famed. He won big prizes at Eisteddfods. His work was well and carefully done. He was an excellent letter writer, and in writing to me he found fault with Welsh publishers and authors as giving

him little assistance. In latter life he had a pension of fifteen shillings a week. The Welsh people honored him. The Cymmrodorion Society of London have justly monumented him by the publication of two of his works on Welsh Bibliography.

DECLENSION IN THE USE OF WELSH—A census return on the languages used by the inhabitants of Wales, issued recently, reveals a very remarkable decline in the use of the Welsh language only as a spoken tongue in the Principality and Monmouthshire. This decline appears in every county, though for obvious reasons it is greatest in those which are most industrial and commercial, which have consequently attracted immigrants from England, Scotland and Ireland. Taking the whole Principality, there is a falling off of nearly 50 per cent. in the numbers who speak Welsh only, compared with ten years ago, while there has been scarcely any change in the proportions speaking both languages. There has been an increase of 7 per cent. in the numbers speaking English only. When we come to the counties and county boroughs separately, we can see where the native language still retains its strongest hold. They are the counties of Merioneth, Anglesey, Carnarvon, Cardigan and Carmarthen, although even in these counties there has been a declension of about one-third in the numbers who speak Welsh only. In the county boroughs of Swansea and Merthyr, and in the administrative counties of Glamorgan, Montgomery,

Denbigh and Flint, the decrease is in still greater proportion. In Newport borough 1 per 1,000 was returned for 1901, but that one disappeared by 1911. Cardiff had 2 per 1,000 at both ends of the decennial period, but Swansea declined from 33 to 19, and Merthyr from 73 per 1,000 inhabitants to 35. In the administrative county of Monmouth there were 9 per 1,000 monoglot Welsh inhabitants in 1901, and the proportion was reduced to 5 in 1911. There can be no gainsaying the evidence of these figures that the native language as the spoken tongue of the people has been losing ground at a serious rate during the last quarter of a century especially, and however greatly it is to be regretted on some grounds, it is not to be wondered at, seeing what progress has been made in compulsory education in English since 1870.—*Merthyr Express.*

PROFESSOR JOHN LAURENCE GERIG, a native of Switzerland, educated at the Universities of Paris, Missouri, and Nebraska. It is interesting to know that Professor Gerig is Professor of Celtic in Columbia University, New York, and the subjects he teaches and lectures on are: "Old and Middle Irish," elementary and advanced courses; "Welsh," elementary course; "Elements of Comparative Celtic Grammar"; and "History of Celtic Literature." The last time I saw the professor he informed me that he was teaching Welsh to two Italians. Professor Gerig is a man worth knowing; he is an able scholar in the Romance

languages. He is an all-year-round worker, and that is why he does things.

EDGAR HERBERT THOMAS—Mr. T. Matthews, of Llandebie, has recently issued a handsome pamphlet in Welsh—*"Arluniaeth Edgar H. Thomas."* Mr. Thomas is an excellent artist, born in Pembrokeshire, October 3, 1862. He started to work as a weaver when eleven years of age. When he was twenty, in 1882, he was engaged as artist on the Cardiff *Western Mail.* At the suggestion of Mr. Alma-Tadema he studied art in London, Antwerp and Paris. Mr. Thomas has won many important prizes at the National Eisteddfods. His works are much praised by experts. Mr. Matthews's account of Mr. Thomas as a painter is illustrated. The only regret is that the work is in Welsh.

ROBERT ROBERTS, of Holyhead, North Wales, a noted compiler of Welsh almanacs, were he alive to-day, would be just the sort of fellow that could play at "ducks and drakes" with the taxation schemes of even a Chancellor of the Exchequer like Mr. Lloyd George! It is recorded that several of Roberts's almanacs were issued more than once in the same year, with altered titles, and that those for the years 1814, 1815, 1817, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1830, 1831 and 1848 were all printed—not in his native town and country, but in Dublin, Ireland, to evade taxation!—*Merthyr Express.*

TEACHERS are praised for their wisdom, eloquence, superior laws and canons, fairness, good manners, kind understanding, profound genius, high arts, victorious reasoning in controversies, amiability, clearness, gentility, munificence of alms, good qualities and usages, tenderness, charity, discreetness, and other things that are scholastic and prudent.

EDEYRN DAVOD AUR
Flourished 1270

PARSONS are praised on account of their eloquence, wisdom, gentility, alms, regular benevolence, good manners, kind understanding, nobility, fairness, amiability, and gentlemanly conduct in the maintenance of churches and convents, works of mercy, and other honorable things.

EDEYRN DAVOD AUR
The Golden Tongued
Welsh grammarian and poet
Flourished 1270

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